


Tues Wed PIS dated 19/4

Just a little Scrap Book
of our Life in India.

This is not meant to be a
real book. It's just a
collection of fragmentary letters.
They are not the usual missionary
letter as my mother was more
interested in our home and in our
children than in long accounts of
mission work.

But such as they are, these letters
do give one an idea of what a happy
worthwhile life we enjoyed together in India.
F. B. W.



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I found that my mother had saved many of the letters which we wrote home while we were in India. I've enjoyed so much reading them over and reviewing our happy and interesting life in India. The letters are not at all well written. They were not meant to be well written. In fact, I might say they were written with deliberate carelessness to the point of childishness for they were scratched off hurriedly in the midst of the many activities and distractions of the mission field where we did not really feel justified in spending much time on careful letter writing—so if you want to enjoy them too, please pardon the carelessness as to construction, repetition of the same adjectives, lack of punctuation, etc.,—also the personal references, and apparent egotism for, you know, the home folks were interested in every detail of our lives. I'm so sorry I haven't more of my husband's letters, but of course he naturally did not write as many letters to my home as I did, and unfortunately the letters written to his own home had not been saved, though I'm sure they were very interesting and must have been much enjoyed. His letters told more about the mission work than mine do, as of course his time was altogether taken up with that. The first year or so in India I was able to do quite a good deal but during the last six years we had four children so I was completely tied down to my home and had no time for regular mission work—though I did try to do what I could during spare moments.

Many of the letters are written from Landour, in the Himalayas as it is the custom for mothers and children for the sake of the children, to spend the greater part of the hot season in the hills. The mission had cottages in in Landour for this purpose. The men take a month's vacation from the very warmest weather with their families in the hills; so they are alone on the plains during a greater part of the hot season. By means of purkha fans, screens and closed homes in the middle of the day, they manage to keep pretty cool and their solitude gives them a chance to think quietly, to make new plans and to accomplish a great deal by themselves.

The time spent in the hills is by no means fruitless. There is the language school, and reading club as well as many helpful services and lectures, and no life could be more healthful for children, though during the rainy season the small houses are rather crowded and uncomfortable.

During the first four years of our life in India, our work was at Etah, United Provinces. We were about twenty miles from a railroad station and we lived in a bungalow situated in the midst of flat open country. There was another bungalow about 100 feet from our house where some of our fellow missionaries lived. Otherwise we had no near white neighbors. Across the way from us was a mud village of undisciplined natives of a criminal tribe. At the left of our bungalow was the native boys' boarding school under our management and at the rear of our compound a row or two of mud houses in which our servants' families and some of our Indian mission workers lived. This was a typical north Indian jungle. The grass about us was dead save during the rainy season. A mango grove in the distance and an occasional cocoanut palm tree against the horizon broke the monotony of the far-reaching flat country, the silence of which was often disturbed by the passing of a camel cart, the Raja's elephant gorgeously painted, and the swish of the sacred peacock as he spread his beautiful plumage and glided over the grassy plain while the loneliness of a stroll down the road was

often interrupted by the dashing across one's pathway of a flock of small deer, as blithe and beautiful as they were fleet.

In our Boarding School we had a number of outcaste boys gathered from the far and near Indian villages. The boys, from India's hopeless, depressed classes, came to us as mere nominal Christians—dirty, half naked, undisciplined and untaught. They attended the mission primary school about a mile from our bungalow. My husband had the management of this too, as well as the management of the Boarding School. There was considerable practical work to be seen to such as the making of new clothes for the boarding boys, mending of worn out clothes, supplies and bedding, warm sweaters for the cold season and dispensary work. There was no one to attend to this but myself. It kept me busy as I had three babies of my own while we were at Etah, but I had to make every effort to do what I could for the Boarding School because we had to see that the boys were well and comfortable.

For the last two years of our life in India we were stationed at Cawnpore, a large industrial centre. This was quite a change from a place like Etah. In connection with our church we found it important to have some institutional work for the young men mill workers, who came from other Christian communities to undertake work in the mills. Far-removed from their own homes and relatives, they were apt to fall under the bad influences of a big city, so by means of the institutional work described in some of our letters, the church was their center of interest during the week as well as on Sundays. My husband organized another smaller church at the other end of Cawnpore, too far distant for the people to come to our own church and these were of a lower class than most of the Indian members of our church. He reached out as well to a village of the weaver class, a hopeless and dejected heathen village and thru his own teaching and supervision of teaching a large number of them were baptized.

Every Friday afternoon I had a large Bible class and tea party for the Indian women members of our church and I called upon them in their homes as much as I could. I used to love nothing better than to take my Hindustani Bible along and read over some of my favorite chapters with them. We used to have such nice talks together and they used to love to come to our nice, happy, jolly, well-managed, well-arranged and attractive home, and as I never felt that any of our possessions should be considered too good to be enjoyed by the Hindustanis, they used to sit in large numbers, with their babies on the drawing room floor to hear a Bible talk, to listen to the Victrola, to drink tea and to see some magic lantern pictures on the life of Christ. It was quite an event for them for their lives were barren of pleasures and interests.

It was nice to have the woolen mills so near us in Cawnpore as I enjoyed making warm coats for my children and the Ayah (nurse) during the cold season, from the blanket materials. And as it also gave us great pleasure to have our many missionary friends come from the stations to sojourn with us while they did their shopping in the mills. They used to arrive unexpectedly, or expectedly, at all times of the day and night. It kept us busy arranging for trains and meals, etc., but we did enjoy having them so much and they afforded us much social life of which we were otherwise deprived. Our

fourth baby, Gilbert, was born in Cawnpore. He was quite a prize baby—and still is.

One of our missionaries called our home "A House by the Side of the Road," for he said there was never a moment when there was not someone going there for help and advice.

My husband enjoyed his church and institutional work in Cawnpore tremendously, and carried it on with great success, and I was so fond of my Indian women friends in Cawnpore.

It was our intention to return in the fall of 1924 after a much needed rest.

We enjoyed the usual busy missionary's furlough. Wherever we went our friends asked us to make speeches about our work and life in India. In this our furlough was identical with the furloughs of other missionaries. This was quite a new experience. I never made a speech all the time we were in India. There would be no point in talking about India to people already living in India and I was never away from my children over night for seven years and we were only in India seven and a half years. This would have been quite impossible for I never was without a small baby all the time I was in India and was ill a great deal of the time, so that all my activities were around my bungalow on the plains, in the hills or in the vicinity of both.

The mission work done in India is all of a serious, deep nature such as Bible teaching, preaching, caring for the sick and doing other various and sundry things in answer to the needs of suffering, dejected people. A missionary has to turn his or her hand to almost anything, hence the more versatile one can be, the better. However, the missionary is not a "jack-of-all" trades or a dabbler, for whatever is done is done thoroughly and with a Christian motive and is a source of comfort and guidance to those in need.

One needs to have also a sense of humor ~~and~~ rise above many depressing situations and I'm glad to say we both had a sufficient supply of that in India.

These letters are truly a glimpse at the brightest side of a missionary's existence. My mother was interested in the details of our home life, our children and our simple ~~home~~ life, as well as in our mission work.

Social

En Route

November, 1914.

Dear Mother—

We are speeding on our way to San Francisco, hoping to arrive at 9:45. We spent all yesterday afternoon at Los Angeles which we reached after passing by orange orchards, pretty bungalows and palm trees. Quite a change from the hundreds of miles of barren waste land thru which we passed for days! With whom do you suppose I spent yesterday afternoon? With Inez Cramford. Do you remember her? She was the light haired, jolly one who came up one afternoon. She does Y. W. C. A. work in Los Angeles and lives near there. I took the car out to see her at a wonderful place called the Clark Home—beautiful building and opposite some pretty homes with palm trees in the gardens. Inez was delighted and so surprised! Last night Jimmy and I walked around the business section of Los Angeles. We saw carnations which were selling for 5 cents a dozen! Think of the difference. This is the land of flowers.

I hope we will have time to see some of the suburban parts of San Francisco, where the flowers bloom.

The Grand Canyon was too marvelous for words. Two hundred miles long and twenty-seven miles broad in one part. Eleven miles wide where we were and over a mile deep! At first I hated to go near the edge—but afterwards I didn't fear it.. Myriads of peaks and precipices rising up in wonderful color. It was so desolate and weird and one might imagine it the home of giants and hob goblins. It is considered by some the greatest wonder of the world. People have no idea of the vastness of it until they see it. We spent the day there at the El Toonar Hotel, a very attractive place, beautifully furnished and decorated with branches of evergreens, berries and leaves drooping from the rafters. Please save the pictures and frame them.

Write me a letter soon to Allahabad, N. India Mission of Prebyterian Church, and I will get it soon after I reach there. Or if you send a letter to Hong Kong I might get it when the steamer stops there. Address "Korea" arriving at Hong Kong December 14. (5c. stamp.) We will stop at Phillipines before reaching Hong Kong and if the mail goes more directly than we do, might find your letter awaiting me at Hong Kong.

It will be wonderful to see Hawaiian Is., Japan, Phillipines and China before reaching India.

If you send any Christmas presents send them to Allahbad. Will write again.

Love from
Shirley

San Francisco,
....November 13, 1914.

Dear Folks:

Shirely has no doubt kept you well informed as to our trip thus far.

We were delighted with Los Angeles, it is the land of flowers and blue skies and even here in San Francisco it is like fall, with the flowers still blooming.

I have been able to find out something about our route. The first stop is Honolulu, 2080 miles from here, then Japan, 3440 miles, is 10 days sail further. We make three stops here and will take some trips thru the inland. Manila, P. I., is the next port, 1,329 miles. Then we sail to Hong Kong, 642 miles where we leave our boat and get another one that will take us to India.

We will arrive at Hong Kong on December 14, exactly one month after leaving here and will be in India about Xmas time I hope. The trip from Hong Kong to Calcutta is about 2,000 miles and the last port of the journey. From Calcutta to Allahabad 540 miles will be made by train.

Now that the Emden has been sunk there seems to be no danger from the Germans on the sea.

We will write from the different ports so you will receive frequent letters but we will not hear from you until next year. Our address will be—

American Mission
Allahabad (Ont Yucknor)
India.

Believe me as ever very sincerely,

James.
Hawaii

Dear Folks:

Just a little note from the Hawaiian Islands. We have just come from Young's Hotel, an attractive place in the heart of the business district, to which we came after a delightful trolley ride thru the most enchanting country—palm trees, bungalows—and many beautiful buildings of various sorts. It was wonderful to see the beach and the brilliantly colored green water. I wish the snapshots might be developed this afternoon so that I could send you some but I'm afraid you may have to wait for these. We visited the aquarium and saw the most unusual fish. Such vivid colors. And the building itself was fascinating. The houses are so picturesque surrounded by tall palm trees and thick foliage, with a glimpse of high mountains back of them.

The water trip has been rather rough and Jimmy has been so sea sick—in bed all the time, but now he is quite spry and bright again. And they say that the day on land allows a person to regain his equilibrium so that he will be comfortable all the way to Japan. Lets hope so! Sea sickness may do him a great deal of good though.

Lovingly Shirley.

Wednesday, November 25, 1924.

Dear Folks:

Here we are way out in the Pacific. A safe and happy voyage so far save the fact that Jimmy is sea sick. Too bad! However he is able to be up in his steamer chair and can walk about some, and perhaps it may do him some good after all. The trip is pretty rough, but all on board are so jolly and the deck sports, which started yesterday, add a great deal of excitement to the journey. They are great fun. Enclosed is program. I have won a second prize in the apple ducking. That is quite a record and I hope to win more. There are a crowd of college boys on board representing 11 colleges. They are a fine set and keep things lively. They dance on deck to Phillippine Band every evening. Of course the missionaries can't dance. We have to think of our influence, but we mix with all the people and make quite a record in the sports!

Since I stopped writing I have been having a very exciting time in the games! We played "Going to Jerusalem" and a Chinaman and myself kept up to the last, chasing around and 'round one chair to the jingle of the Phillippine Band! How the crowd of onlookers laughed at us! Round and round we went amid shouts of laughter until the music stopped and I secured the seat!

Some one said it was a typical example of the "west" and "east." I with my American trot and the Chinaman with his slow movement.

The next performance was the threading needle contest. Six women sat in chairs, back of which six men stood. The women held needles and

the men held thread. When the signal was given the men had to run madly out around the deck and back again to their partners, thread the needles and then run around the deck, back to their original positions. Dr. Orbinson and I were partners in the preliminaries and we were second! But alas! in the finals he fell over a chair, which delayed him some, and we were defeated.

Jimmy managed to get up stairs just a little while after the sports were over. Mrs. Baird told him his wife had been cutting up terribly and Mrs. Thompson told him I would have enough prizes to support him the rest of his life. He replied that I was a prize winner, whereupon I said that I had won him and he was a prize! He feels so much better, and I hope he will continue to feel so. It is too bad that his trip should be spoiled by sea-sickness.

You will be interested to know that our India party is quite ideal. The party consists of Dr. and Mrs. Orbinson, who have been in India 28 years. Dr. Orbinson is a minister and doctor of medicine also. They are experienced missionaries and will be excellent friends to have. They are charming, cultured people. As he speaks the language so well he can take charge of our baggage, when we reach Calcutta and pilot us thru India quite safely.

The other member of our party is a woman doctor (some where between 35 and 45 I should think.) She is very fine looking, dresses so attractively and is altogether one of the finest, brightest and most interesting women I have ever met. She is such an unusual character and so jolly and wholesome. Just think what a wonderful friend she will be to have, the combination of being a capable woman and possessing medical knowledge as well. I spent yesterday morning with her and we seemed to be very congenial, so you can rest assured that she will be a good friend to me. We are all (our Indian party) thinking of spending a week in Japan, or perhaps J. and I will spend our extra week in the Phillippines and have three days in Japan. We have not decided exactly where we will put in our extra time. However, our Indian party will be complete from Hong Kong to India—and thru India. We will of course go to Japan, Manila, Shanghai and Hong Kong, however long we stay in each place. What an interesting trip we will have—so much to see.

The missionaries hold a service every morning from 10 to 10:30. We sing hymns and some one makes a little helpful speech of some sort.

Last Sunday we had quite a service in the Salon. A Mr. Mansell, one of the missionaries gave a splendid talk and the offering was for the benefit of the seamen. The service was well attended by a number of outsiders as well as the missionaries themselves. All the missionaries are lovely people. The girls who are going out under the W. F. M. S. (Women's Foreign Missionary Society) are very sweet and attractive.

Monday, November 30, 1914.

Here we are gradually nearing Yokohoma, which we expect to reach some time tomorrow. What a delightful week we will have in Japan. It will be a comfort to have Jimmy at peace on land for a while, for he has been bothered so with sea-sickness. However he has been up for the last week or more and feeling well a good deal of the time.

The deck sports came to a close Saturday night, ending with a very successful fancy dress ball! I wish you could have seen Jimmy and me. We

made quite a hit! We went as a Colonial couple. I made a costume for myself out of pink crepy material. 2 Puffy pannieres, a waist, black velvet band around my neck, powdered hair, a Janice Meredith curl, black velvet hat trimmed with roses underneath, and long black velvet strings. I made Jimmy a wig out of rope untwisted. It fitted his head perfectly and I braided it in a long pointed pig tail, with a black bow at the neck and a tiny pink one near the end. It was powdered some, also his mustache and eyebrows. He wore his black cut away coat, black clerical vest with lace jabow hanging from the neck and shadow lace ruffles coming out of the sleeves. Then he wore his black trousers, turned up under to the knees, my long white stockings, and his black pumps. He wore one of his panama hats tacked up three cornered with a little black feather cockade. He looked perfect! They raved about both of us and thought we were the best couple there. The dance was held on the top deck. A portion of the deck, set apart for the dance was curtained in by an arrangement of many colored flags draped over the railing and at either end of the dance floor were rows of chairs upon which the specetators sat. The Phillippine Band played and all those in costume entered the Grand March. We took part in that but of course didn't dance. None of the missionaries dance, but we have a very good time anyway. The prizes for the sports were given out before the dance at dinner time. When our names were called we had to walk th whole length of the dining room to receive our prizes. I won two "seconds," a bar pin and a Korea souvenir pin.

We have had an exceedingly jolly crowd on board and have had such good times. I have not been homesick because I don't think anything about it. Some times sort of a sad feeling comes over me but it doesn't make any headway and I don't realize that I am so far away from home. I feel as though you were all near by. You seem so clear and near in thought. We will have travelled 16,000 miles when we reach our destination and over 11,000 when we reach Yokohoma tomorrow. No short trip will ever seem long again. From New York to Chicago will be like crossing the street. This trip itself has seemed short because there is so much to do on board.

With the exception of our day at Honolulu, we have seen nothing but water all about us for days, save for one ship which we passed during the first part of our trip and how exciting it was to see the lights of another vessel on mid ocean at night time. How our boat whistled and signaled when it came in sight soon to disappear.

Dr. Woodard, a friend of hers, and ourselves will have a very interesting week in Japan. We are going to stay at some place which is strictly Japanese, rather than stopping at a large Americanized hotel—we want to get into the life of the people while we are there and enjoy the novelty of it all. Won't it be wonderful? I am going to get all my Christmas presents there, cards, etc. You do not know how favored we are in having Dr. Woodard for a friend. She is ideal, and inspires so much confidence. She seems to have taken quite a fancy to both of us and she will be so nice to have as a good friend in India.

Hope you still have a good girl and are well and resting. When you receive this we will be on land somewhere, or on our way from Hong Kong to India.

Follow our trip and rest assured that it is all safe. It is laughable to think of anything harmful happening to us. We would not know the war was existing if it weren't for the wireless news, and no one thinks of being at all afraid.

We go from Japan to Shanghai, from Shanghai to Manila, from Manila to Hong Kong, from Hong Kong to Singapore, from Singapore to Calcutta and from Calcutta to our destination, which is Lucknow, I suppose, or Allahabad.

I will write you all from Japan.

Lots of love from
Shirley.

Jimmy is going to lead the prayer meeting service tomorrow. He is just as nice as ever and we are very happy.

Wednesday, December 9th.

Dear Folks:—

I have much to tell you all of our interesting 9 days in Japan. We reached Yokohama last Tuesday and were escorted to the Grand Hotel in "rickshaws." How strange it seemed to be pulled about, by human beings.

After dinner, Jimmy and I hired two rickshaws and thru the town we sped in the dark, down to the narrow and unique Japanese shopping district, in search of Christmas presents. We stopped in vain at many small stores only making a purchase of some candy which looked like fudge but which turned out to be the most nauseating stuff we had ever tasted. It was truly Japanese and when we gave it to the rickshaw man he beamed all over and seemed delighted. On our way back the rickshaw man insisted upon arousing a man who kept a small silk store. In we went and saw the most beautiful things! I bought some of the Christmas presents, which I sent home and I do wish you could have seen the wonderful silk and embroidered kimono Jimmy got for his mother. The next morning we did some more shopping and we had lots of fun doing up the many attractive articles and sending them off to the U. S. A. I do hope you will get them safely.

That afternoon we took the train to Tolsyo, to locate Dr. Woodard, who invited us to come to the school where she was visiting. We spent the evening with a jolly collection of missionaries at the school and then returned to the Imperial Hotel, Tokyo, which has been our headquarters, a large and beautiful European hotel.

The next day, Wednesday, we planned to take a Japanese dinner with Dr. Woodard and her friends at a truly Japanese restaurant. What a novel experience it was! Before we entered we had to take off our shoes and proceed in our stocking feet over the matting covered floors. On our way we were greeted by pretty Japanese women, who bowed low, and very graciously. The Japanese people are so polite! Up the stairs we went and walked into the most attractive Japanese room. Their rooms are poems in their simplicity and because of the artistic taste displayed. The woodwork was of a natural wood color, covered with a thin transparent polish of some sort. The front wall was a lattice work of paper and wood. There was an indentation in the wall at the rear of the room and hanging upon the wall was a pretty "kokimono" (long hanging picture) and upon a low shelf at the base of this was a single bronze colored ornament. In another part of the room stood a pretty vase of leaves and flowers. The dainty little maid

in her native dress crawled in and out thru a low sliding door, stopping to bow and smile frequently. When we were all seated upon pillows on the floor, facing each other she brought in a series of copper charcoal stoves, which were placed between each couple. Then the platters of meat were brought in and placed over the red hot charcoal. The meat soon sizzled up and was deliciously cooked. We had the prevailing rice, served in little bowls and ate our meat on top of the rice, while we drank Japanese tea without sugar or cream. I cannot say I cared much for the food, but fortunately we had with us some sandwiches, cake, etc., of our own.

(The train was so unsteady that I couldn't write well. Please excuse it.)

Friday morning at nine o'clock, we hustled to the station in an auto, and met Dr. Woodard and a Miss McQuoim, with whom we departed for a "week end" at Nikko, a trip of four hours or so, thru beautiful country. Nikko is a "truly rural" district of Japan and a fascinating place. We stayed at a pretty Japanese hotel, "The Kauaya" on a hilltop and surrounded by many trees and beautiful country. The most famous temples in Japan are located at Nikko. I cannot begin to describe to you the wonderful workmanship displayed in those Godless temples. They are a mass of beautiful gold lacquer, intricate carvings, brilliant colorings, etc. The prevailing combinations are red and gold, black and red, green and gold, etc. A guide took us about, and explained them in detail. They must have cost thousands of dollars. Enclosed find panorama. Saturday morning we started on an all days' excursion to and from Lake Chuzensi, situated on the summit of a mountain. We climbed nearly all the way in rickshaws though we took turns riding the horse, which Jimmy procured.

We stopped occasionally at the pretty little Japanese tea houses, where we drank Japanese tea and ate Nikko peppermints and other candy. When we reached the summit we had some luncheon in a sunny Japanese parlor and afterwards took a short row on the beautiful Chuzensi Lake. It was fun to come down the mountain more quickly than we ascended, in rickshaws.

At the foot of the hill, upon which the hotel "Kauaya" was located, was a village of Japanese stores. Jimmy and I went to a most Oriental store called The Pawnbroker's and thoroughly enjoyed buying a number of beautiful and unusual things to use in furnishing our Indian home. I wish you could see them! They are lovely. You would rave about them.

We all returned to Tokyo Monday afternoon. Jimmy and I had been invited to take dinner with the Kauffmans, a young couple from Lancaster who live in Japan. Mrs. Kauffman is a beautiful girl and her husband, not only knows Nevin Sayre well, but was one of the victims of the milk poisoning at Cambridge! He was fortunate enough to survive it, but told me of several who died. He had never met Daisy but knew some men who had taken dinner with Nevin and Daisy at Cambridge, and who thought her very attractive.

Tuesday morning Jimmy and I went to a large and well equipped Japanese department store full of lovely and alluring things. We again spent our wedding money on more attractive furnishings. You will certainly have to come out to visit us in India and see our stunning home.

Tuesday evening the Kauffmans came to dine with us at the Imperial Hotel.

Wednesday morning at 7:45, Dr. Woodard, J. and I left for Kyoto, a most picturesque place in southern Japan. It was an all days' trip from 7:45 A. M. to 7:35 P. M., thru the most fascinating country! We passed within full view of the famous Fuji—the beautiful volcano of Japan. What a sight it was. Snow covered and touched by fleecy white clouds. It is a sight long to be remembered.

When we reached Kyoto we went directly to the Kyoto Hotel, a very attractive hotel with a garden of trees and bushes, in the midst of which, is a huge image of Buddha. When we left the hotel this morning the trees and bushes were agleam with myriads of red Japanese lanterns.

We mounted our rickshaws this morning, early, and with a guide went to visit the interesting temples of Kyoto. We entered one, which contained 1,001 goddesses of mercy—each containing thirty hands and ten heads. The main one, large and imposing, was placed in the middle of the room with 500 smaller goddesses standing at each side of her. At the rear of the temple were several other images, gods of thunder, wealth, etc., and piled up near one god, were a number of strings of beads, which had been left there as offerings because of prayers answered. It really seems pitiful to think that the poor ignorant creatures go to the temples and pray so earnestly to wooden images.

We walked thru a most beautiful park resplendent in red maples, temples and tea houses, and had it been springtime we would have seen masses of brilliant cherry blossoms.

The Japanese children look just like the little dolls you have seen. They look so cunning in their bright figured dresses. The women are very pretty and are always ready to smile pleasantly.

There is something very unique about a narrow Japanese street, bordered on each side by a row of interesting shops, Japanese signs floating in the air and many a lantern.

We reached Kobe this morning and boarded the S. S. Siberia which will stop first at Nagasaki, Japan, then Shanghai, China, then Manila, and lastly Honk Kong, from which place we will sail for Singapore and India.

A young man missionary has invited us to luncheon in Nagasaki, which will make our stop there interesting. By staying over nine days in Japan we had to take this other steamer. It seems to be exactly like the Korea, except that the music is better.

While we were in Tokyo Jimmy went to see the famous Dr. Teusher, (Episcopalian medical missionary) a wonderful doctor. He gave him several prescriptions of good medicine which will do him lots of good, I'm sure. He seems very well and Dr. Teusher said he didn't think he'd be sea-sick on this trip. The Episcopalians have a fine mission establishment at Tokyo.

Well this is a long, long letter.

I hope you are well—and happy. Don't worry about me.

Everything goes along beautifully for us, and we do not realize how far away we are.

Write me often and tell everyone to do so. American Mission, Allahabad, India.

Lovingly,

Shirley.



Japanese Temple

Monday, December 21, 1914.

Dear Mother:

We are at last on our way to Hong Kong where I hope to receive that cablegram which I told you all to send. However, if you didn't send it, it doesn't make any difference. We will send you one to wish you all a Merry Christmas.

We sailed from Manila yesterday morning at 10 o'clock after a delightful time in that beautiful place. We reached Manila Friday morning and Jimmy and I stayed for the two days at the wonderful Manila Hotel. I do wish you could see it, surrounded by green lawn, flower beds, romantic arbor and fountain. The hotel itself was made of concrete, very attractively built, part of the beautiful dining room, practically out of doors. The Phillippine orchestra played on the wide stairway landing and the lobby, reception rooms, etc., were all so pretty. Our room had a huge window with large sliding doors, overlooking the Luneta, or open park, where the constabulary band played the first night we were there. A remarkable band and how the thrills went up my back when they played the Star-Spangled Banner. There were myriads of Phillippinos in their white suits and they all stood for the national anthem. It was such an impressive sight.

A charming young couple, Mr. and Mrs. Becker, stayed with us at the Manila Hotel and we had such good times together. They are so nice and, strange to say, Mr. Becker lived some time with the clergyman of the Bedford Park Episcopal Church. Mrs. Becker was Miss Williams of Bethlehem, Pa. They are dear, a bride and groom, and have been on both the Korea and Siberia, although we did not become well acquainted with them until we met in Manila. Friday night we four had dinner together at the Hotel and then we strolled thru the enchanting arbor, after which J. and I went up to spend the evening with a Mr. Wright, a missionary who asked all the missionaries to spend the evening with him. He lived in a pretty tropical home surrounded by palm trees. We met Dr. Rogers whom Aunt Emma met at Twilight Park. The next morning Dr. and Mrs. Arbison, little Harry Arbison, Dr. Woodard, Mr. Wright, his little girl, Dr. Rogers (part of the way) J. and I went autoing thru the open country. It was all so interesting, including a visit at the Government Hospital where we went into a ward containing 19 new born Phillippine babes and their mothers. They were so cunning and so dark. The hospital had an ideal location, beautiful grounds dotted with palms, trees and hedges bearing brilliant cerise flowers.

We also saw the buildings of "The Church!" and they are stunning! beautifully built and kept up so well. Bishop Brent's house is unusually attractive. Some one gave a large sum of money for his house. He didn't approve of it. He thought it too much so he keeps open house for all, and is a true missionary. All speak so highly of Bishop Brent.

The Phillippine natives are so interesting. The women wear huge sleeves made of brilliant mosquito netting. The sleeves slant out so that you can see the bare arms distinctly. Then they wear bright colored full skirts, which they swerve around and hold up in front. Their hair is very dark, also the skin and some are very pretty.

The natives and foreigners all ride around in cunning little "Carmatas" pulled by small horses, the driver, in white, sitting on the front seat.

Manila is lively with Army officers and their wives and all they do is

have a good time. The women dress so prettily and add much to the attractiveness of the Manilla Hotel.

The Beckers and ourselves took each other's pictures on the roof garden of the "Manila." I will send you some as soon as I can. We arrive at Hong Kong tomorrow and we do not know yet what steamer we will take or how soon we will sail from there. Jimmy held a Christmas Vesper Service yesterday at 5 o'clock. He did very well. He seems to be in excellent health.

Lots of love,

Shirley.

December 21, 1914.

Dear Mother and Father Bangs:

Shirley has no doubt kept you well informed of our progress over land and sea and there is nothing I can add that will be new.

Our trip so far has been most pleasant. It has been more like spending a pleasant vacation than anything else. We have both been sea sick at times but I have seemed to have suffered most at the hands of old Neptune. Since we left home we have had but little cold weather so it is hard for us to realize that this is really winter time. Hawaii was warm but in Japan it was colder and at the mouth of the Yangtze where the ship lay for one day it was very cold. Since then it has been warm and even hot at times. Now we are en route to Hong Kong where it will be cold. We will likely be there for Xmas and have been invited to spend that day with our friends Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Thompson, former pupils at the Bible School. About the first of February we will be in our station in India possibly as you are reading this letter.

I forgot to mention to anyone before leaving home that any cablegram we would send would be in code and will be entirely unintelligible without a key to the code. You can get the key by writing to Russel Carter, 156 Fifth Ave. Any business matter should be referred to him. Personal matters should be referred to Mr. Robt. E. Spear.

I am sure that he would be glad to meet Shirley's parents. You might call on him some day when you are down town. You will find him an exceptionally fine gentleman.

I think I left a pair of very thin trousers at your house or I may have mislaid them elsewhere. If you find such a pair please send them out when you are sending something. **Don't** send anything to Yucknow. Our address is:—American Mission, Allahabad, India.

We have met some delightful people on our travels and on the steamers. At several places we have had invitations to stop and visit and at 2 places we have accepted those invitations, and enjoyed ourselves very much. We are also fortunate in having Dr. Woodard as a traveling companion. She is going to the same mission as we are, so I suppose will be our family physician when the family needs medical attendance. She has received a thorough medical training both in this country and abroad and is an experienced doctor.

War is not a topic of conversation and as we rarely see a paper we have about forgotten that such a thing existed. Tomorrow we will arrive at an English port and no doubt we will be reminded that England is at war. Hong Kong is the stronghold of the English in China and in the whole of the east, with a large naval force attached to the place.

Our freight boxes likely will not arrive for some months as they left but a short time before our departure. We have plenty of clothes in our four trunks so will not suffer on that score.

We are both tired of doing nothing and will be glad to start with the language study. I am sure it will be interesting and not so very difficult.

We are anxious to hear from home and will receive no letters until we arrive at Allahabad. We think about you often and get just a wee bit homesick at times but we don't feel at all as though so many thousands of miles separated us. This does not seem at all like a foreign land and as we have each other, we are never very lonely.

Believe me your loving son,

James.

December 26, 1914.

Dear Mother:

This is the morning after Christmas in Hong Kong but in New York I suppose it is about 9 o'clock Christmas night, and you are either at Aunt Isabel's on your way back or spending the evening quietly at home for perhaps Aunt Isabel did not feel like having any company this year.

We spent a jolly Christmas at the St. George's House a prettily situated "pension" where we are staying for a while. A winding and steep roadway leads up to this and many other attractive places buried in trees and plants on the side of a mountain. Hong Kong is called the Gibraltar of the east for one sees it rising in high hills from the harbor—some of its homes seem to be in the very sky, overlooking a mass of trees, and half hidden houses.

Our room on the second floor opens upon a porch balcony, from which we look down into a larger balcony ablaze with red poinsettias and other flowers of many colors. This is truly a beautiful place and quite different from your idea of China!

You see Hong Kong is an English possession and is in truth a little England though more interesting because of the many Chinese who escort us in rickshaws and sedan chairs! I do hope I can send you a picture of myself riding, in state, in a sedan chair! It is a novel experience, indeed!

There are also large numbers of Hindu men employed here, as policemen, etc. They are interesting to us, of course, because we expect to pitch our tent in the land of Kim! They are such handsome, dark, thoughtful looking people and are so individual in their picturesque turbans.

One finds all sorts and kinds of stores here. Japanese, Indian and well equipped, large English stores. The shopping which we do is fascinating.

Lovingly,

Shirley.

Monday, January 4.

Dear Folks:

Here we are almost at the end of our two weeks in China—a week at Hong Kong and a week in Canton where we have been visiting the Fultons at the Presbyterian Mission Compound.

Hong Kong was England but Canton is true China!

We left Hong Kong last Tuesday on the night boat and arrived here Wednesday morning. The missionaries who had arranged to have us visit them, welcomed us heartily and gave up their pleasant rooms to us. When we left the night boat we were carried across the Pear River in a Chinese

Sampan boat, steered by a Chinese woman who stood in the foremost part of the boat, guiding it with a pole. How the Chinese women work! One sees them assisting in the building of a house, or carrying heavy loads not to mention the steering of the boats. There are myriads of these queer looking boats holding the floating population, that is: the people who live solely on the water making their homes and bringing up their children in these unattractive, dirty little Sampans. There are 200,000 Canton people who live thus on the water.

After we left the little Sampan we found the little Sedan chairs awaiting us on the shore and in these we wound our way thru the narrow, dirty, dark, wierd streets of Canton until we reached the mission compound composed of two large houses, and a hospital surrounded by pretty grounds, and since our arrival we have been escorted daily thru interesting (though exclusive streets,) on our way to the sights of Hong Kong.

Last Wednesday evening Jimmy left on an interesting tour with some men missionaries and returned Saturday. He had a novel and wild experience and while he was gone we did a good deal of sight seeing.

Thursday morning we visited the mission school for the blind. It was marvelous to see those little Chinese girls read Chinese rapidly by means of the Braille system. They not only read it, but wrote it with an apparatus made for that purpose. Then the tiniest ones stood in a row and sang a Kindergarten song, making curious motions with their hands. What a pitiful sight they were. You would certainly think missionary work worth while if you could see what is being done in that school for the blind.

Then we went to the Mission Asylum for the Insane. The doctor in charge escorted us thru the grounds in the very midst of the patients. They were much interested in us and talked to us. One woman became rather unmanageable while we were there and the attendant had to catch her and take her in although I don't know whether she succeeded in getting her in or not. One of the men thought he was a king's son and he behaved quite happily. They all behaved strangely according to their phases of insanity, but none were violent. Dr. Seldon said a large number are cured under the treatment which also goes to prove what wonderful work missionaries do.

One morning we started out with a guide, who took us to the Temple of the 500 Gods (enclosed picture) each one representing a different characteristic of Buddha, or something of that sort. It is rather hard to know just what their images do stand for. Then we went to an ancestral temple belonging to a private family. We also saw what is known as the City of the Dead. This consists of several rooms containing coffins holding the bodies of deceased persons. The coffin is kept there until a piece of lucky ground is found, and then the coffin is removed from the room and buried. On the top of one of the coffins I saw some articles of clothing. These were the mourning clothes to be worn by those who came each week to mourn and worship.

We are now waiting for the launch to take us to our steamer, the "Nau-sang," on which we will sail at 3 o'clock for Singapore and Calcutta from which place we go into Allahabad. We have been spending yesterday and today at Hong Kong where we have bought some more fascinating things.

There are various sorts of shops at Hong Kong, some kept by Indians, and I must say I am glad we are going to work among Indians. They have such beautiful dark eyes and white teeth and appeal to me much more than the Chinese, although if I had gone to China I would have been interested there. They seem so pitiful! We saw the women walking about on tiny, tiny stumps of feet, due to the foot binding which used to be the prevailing custom. I have purchased a pair of shoes worn by these tiny feet and will send them to you and I know you will not be able to believe that a full grown woman can actually wear them. Show them to Deaconess Armstrong, too. Of course the foot binding has been largely done away with in China.

We went to the Presbyterian Chinese Church at Canton and we heard a Chinese minister preaching the Gospel to quite a number of Chinese—and Dr. Fulton, the missionary whom we were visiting, prayed quite fluently in Chinese. What a wonderful mastery of the language he has. He told me that he **thinks** in **Chinese**, that is: he doesn't translate it mentally, but the sounds convey the thought directly. When we entered the service they were all singing "Rock of Ages" in Chinese and upon the seats were cards containing the Lord's Prayer, Creed and 10 Commandments. Enclosed is one of the cards. Begin at the right, reading from top to bottom. The women sat on one side of the church and the men at the other. You would be interested to see the women in trousers and little coatlets wearing their hair in long braids or little wads at the backs of their necks.

While we were at Canton Jimmy and I had Dr. Mary Fultou's room. She is a wonderful woman whose name I had read in "China's New Day" or some other mission study book. Her work is done in the large hospital which she established herself, a well equipped, flourishing hospital, doing a word of good. Dr. Mary is one of the brightest, merriest characters. Everybody likes her. She is a perfect sunbeam and how the Chinese women in the hospital seemed to love her. She entertained our party at dinner one evening and had the table set in hand painted doilies over the white table cloth. A set like those I sent you, only a different design. They look so pretty over the white. You see there were two houses in the compound, one belonging to Dr. Fultou and his wife and the other house to Dr. Mary Fulton, his sister. They were fine people and so good to us. We took our meals with Dr. and Mrs. Fulton, generally. We also saw Herbert and Eleanor Thompson, who are stationed at Canton. Herbert informed me that Dr. Carr-Harris' brother had been killed at the front. He was probably the Captain of the R. E. in India whom Dr. Carr-Harris thought we might meet.

Dr. Mary Fulton told me how privileged we were to have Dr. Woodard with us. She thinks her a remarkable woman and said she was a fine surgeon. She wanted her to remain in Canton and help her with her work there.

This is a long and disgraceful looking letter. Next time I will write on note paper and give this difficult Japanese paper a rest.

We reach Singapore in 5 or 6 days.

Lovingly,
Shirley.

Friday, January 15, 1915.
Singapore Strait Settlements.

Dear Folks at Home:

I wish you could be here to catch one glimpse of the fairy land, in which we have been dwelling since Tuesday. Get out your map and find Singapore at the end of the Malayan Peninsula, almost on the equator, at the very Antipodes.

Here we are at the Sea View Hotel, Singapore, about 4 miles from the main part of the city, surrounded by a mass of stately cocoanut palms and situated on the very water's edge so that the waves swish and dash upon the shore at evening, while we have our dinner served on the lawn under a canopy of stars. The dining garden is situated at the side of the hotel, so that we sit comfortably in our wicker chairs, gazing out over the water and thru the palm trees at the stars. The veranda of the hotel, decorated in tropical plants, makes an attractive background, from which the men servants in their white suits come forth to serve the meals on the lawn.

We have, indeed, been fortunate since we have been here, for two young Englishmen have taken it upon themselves to entertain us royally by automobiling us thru Singapore. The motor rides are very wonderful thru the long, enchanting roads, bordered with a wealth of tropical plant life, cocoanut palms in masses, and myriads of rubber plants, with here and there a glimpse of water thru the green; artistic bungalows and thatched native houses. While we are otherwise entertained by various types of Orientals who appear in their native dress—Indians in their brilliant colors, (naked to the waist), Malays, tall, stately Sikhs, Chinese and Japanese. You see this is a central drawing place for the Orient—consequently we find a heterogeneous mass of Orientals. The fascination of these tropical countries is overwhelming! How delighted I am to know that we are to live in India, the land of palms and endless summer. The beautiful dark faces of the people, their deep-set eyes and pleasant smiles appeal to me so much more than the Chinese. You do not know how fortunate we are to have had this fascinating trip thrust upon us. Had we come the other way we would have had the European trip, to be sure, but that has not the extreme interest or novelty that this more unusual trip has. Then, you see, owing to the war, we have not been able to make connections quickly, hence we have been obliged to see more of some places than we would have otherwise.

We sail this afternoon for Penang, where we will stay for two days. Penang is also situated in the Strait Settlements. From there we will go to interesting Calcutta for two days and then "H-O-M-E" to Allahabad. "Summer" sounds meaningless, for we have had perpetual summer, one long, endless vacation, and it quite came upon me by surprise, this morning, that we had actually launched upon 1915, and here I am sitting up in a steamer chair in our open room, with nothing on but a thin white petticoat and my loose yellow waist, and not over cool either!

Ah! for an ice cream soda! But alas, such a thing doesn't exist in the Orient. However, there is a large English store in town which has a floor given up to refreshments, and what a temptation it is to go in and order soft drinks or ice cream. If you know anyone who wants to make a fortune send him out to Singapore to open up a soda fountain. There is an attractive little English woman who has the suite next

door to us. She has a dear little boy two years old, who speaks Malay so cunningly, because his Indian maid talks Malay to him. And what a picturesque maid she is! Black as can be, her hair knotted softly on her neck, a gold jewel in her nose, rings on her toes, huge ear rings and clothes of artistic drapery. She smiles and talks so pleasantly and makes such a nice nurse. The little mother is lonely without her husband, who has been away drilling. She seems to want to be very sociable to me. Too bad I can't stay longer.

Yesterday Jimmy bought me a big "topi" hat. They are made especially for these tropical countries, stiff and cool of cork constituency. Also we procured a nice pair of canvas pumps, which will be so useful.

How much we appreciate what the two young Englishmen have done for us. The first auto trip they gave us was a delight and yesterday they appeared in quite a luxurious machine and took us for another wonderful ride. The beauties of Singapore are unequalled, save by Honolulu, and the soft red dirt roads are superb. On our first trip they both got out of the machine and procured a large cocoanut from a cocoanut palm and it now reposes on our table waiting to be opened. It is not in the thoroughly developed state but it is filled with juicy cocoanut milk, and soft sweet pulp to be eaten with a spoon. The cocoanut palms are tall and stately with steps cut in on the sides so that an ourangotang or man can climb up and toss down the fruit. On some plantations, the owners have trained ourangotangs which know the good fruit, ascend and throw it. How I should like to see a big monkey running wild! Yesterday one of the women here, had a cunning furry little monkey reposing on her neck. I would love one!

We will take some pictures before we leave and send them later. Can't you get a little album and paste in all the pictures I send you? Margie had better get a camera and send me some snap-shots of you all. I hope she will save up her money and come out with the Watts some time.

Write soon and often. I must hear all the news. Always give these letters to Aunt Emma.

Lots of love,
Shirley.

Singapore Strait Settlement.

January 15, 1915.

Dear Folks at Home:

Here I am on the opposite side of the world, seated almost on the equator, in the midst of a lovely grove of palm trees overlooking the sea, trying to write you a letter and give you an idea of the place.

The boat remains here three days so we went to this hotel, which is about 4 miles from the city and located as I have said in a beautiful place. On the sides are plantations of palm and rubber trees. Two excellent auto roads lead to the city, lighted at night by gas, the lamps being about 25 yards apart. The city itself is very fine. It was settled by the English many years ago and is a very busy seaport. The streets are wide and smooth, lined with fine tropical trees. Parks are frequent, so are hotels. We visited the botanical garden yesterday which really is an enormous park filled with the luxurient vegetation of the tropics, more beautiful at this season of the year than during the summer.

Singapore is at the Cross Roads of the world. On the one side is India and the Near East. On the other China and Japan and the South Sea Islands. The city is possibly the most cosmopolitan in the world. Here are found all races, Chinese, Indians, Japanese, Malays, English, Dutch, Portugese, Spanish and Americans, altho the latter are very scarce. The Sea Side Hotel where we are staying is a very fine place. One building is used as hotel and dining room and another as an apartment house. It contains about 25 flats with all the conveniences of a good New York apartment. You will have some idea of how civilized the East is when I tell you that we have not been in a house or hotel since leaving home that was not equipped with electric light. Not all the comforts and conveniences of life are to be found in America.

One would not know that England was at war from the appearance of things in her colonies. Business goes on as usual and the harbor is crowded with shipping, loading rubber, tin, copper, coconuts, wood, grain, fruit, etc., to be sent to all parts of the world. The Emden was hanging around here and doing lots of damage until she met the Australian cruiser and is now a mass of twisted steel lying on a nearby reef. I have seen some pictures of the wreck.

We leave here today and after a day and a half sail stop at Penang, also of Emden fame. Here we remain about two days and then sail for Calcutta, a five day's trip. It is needless to say we will be glad to arrive at our destination altho the trip has been a most pleasant one. Fortune has smiled upon us most sweetly so far. To illustrate—day before yesterday we were about to start for town and had called rickshaws (man power vehicles) when two young Englishmen whom we had never seen before asked us to accompany them in their auto. They took us for a long ride and the next day appeared with a big limousine and showed us the whole country. The roads are fine and there is no speed limit. The chauffeur was a native Malay and showed no regard for the lives of his fellow-countrymen who happened to be bold enough to show themselves on the road. Speaking about autos, the roads are full of Fords, and Studebakers, with an occasional Hup and Indian motorcycle, just to make the native step lively.

During the middle of the day the sun is hot so I got Shirley a topi yesterday. It is a large peach basket hat made of cork and covered outside with white cloth and inside with green. They are very light and protect the head, shoulders and neck from the powerful rays of the sun.

You will receive our next letters from India and they will be sent westward as when we leave here we will be sailing toward home.

Lovingly yours,

James.

Thursday, January 28.

Great Eastern Hotel, Calcutta, India.

Dear Folks at Home:

Here we are in the famous city of Calcutta. We are staying at an excellent hotel with every convenience, delicious meals and good music, and are quite spoiled by an Indian servant who is devoted to us for 1 rupee (33c.) a day.

We reached Calcutta Saturday evening though we did not go ashore until Sunday, and as Jimmy was quite laid up with a little feverish attack,

I escorted him to the general hospital where he rested and was doctored with quinine for 3 days. The fever he had was the "dengy" fever which is quite common in Calcutta. Not at all serious but somewhat like malaria. We think he caught it in Penang, the place where we took that long trip up and down the steep mountain. The gentleman who sits at our table said it probably wouldn't return and the nurse at the hospital told me to give him liquid quinine twice a day for a week or more. He looks quite well and rested now and at present has been sprucing up in the barber shop.

I was here Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday alone, but it is such an attractive hotel that I wasn't a bit homesick. I drove to the hospital, about 20 minutes drive, twice a day, carrying flowers, food or reading matter and yesterday I drove down to bring him back to the hotel.

Calcutta is a wonderfully interesting city, the streets filled with natives in their weird costumes, many of them driving the odd-looking open barouches which carry one anywhere for one rupee an hour. The chief charm of the city lies in its wide open campuses of green lawn and its broad boulevards. Automobiles and vehicles of various kinds whiz over the splendid roads.

We all attended (with the exception of Jimmy) Hazel Doty's wedding at the Cathedral last Sunday. She is the young girl from Maplewood who came all the way to Calcutta to marry a Standard Oil man. She wore a soft cream colored dress and large hat and carried a beautiful bride's bouquet. It was rather a sad little wedding—not one of her own friends or family present, but she made many friends on ship board including Captain Gilroy and they all honored her by being present at the wedding. A crowd of men—Standard Oil men most likely, sat at one side of the Cathedral, and only five women were present including Dr. Woodard, Mrs. Orbison and myself. Her husband had planned a wonderful reception for her at the home of a friend of his. I didn't go, but Dr. Woodard did and had a gay time. Not very appropriate for a missionary's Sunday! She laughed afterward at the idea of her spending Sunday in such a gay way. She came back and told me all about it.

We leave today for Allahabad and will be there tomorrow. I'm glad I will be there to get letters from you, although I confess I don't get homesick at all. I don't realize the distance from home. It all looks civilized here—so many English people, etc., but I sometimes think how wonderful it would be if you could be along and enjoy this trip. You and Margie would have a glorious time.

On the Nam "Sang" the day or so before we reached Calcutta, one of the officers came around with a paper, asking us to take a chance. 1 rupee (33c.) a chance on the initial letter of the Pilot's name. You see he was to come aboard the next day and his name was not known. The officer went to Jimmy and Jimmy told him to ask me for two rupees. I paid them without really knowing what I was doing, and the next morning I was presented with all the money, 15 rupees in all. I drew the letter "M" and the Pilot's name was "Moore." What do you think of a missionary being a successful gambler like that? I will not do it again because it really is gambling. They do it quite often on ship board but the missionaries do not enter into it. But it was new to me and I hardly knew what I was doing.



Half of the bungalow we shared with Mr. & Mrs. John Forman. A show man entertaining us for a while. They often come to the bungalows - The bungalow at Etah and Campoon were very much like this. The verandas of these bungalows are very wide and thus useful for mission work - so that a missionary's wife can do a good deal of work at her own door.

The back veranda of the Etah bungalow I used for the boarding boys' dispensary and for Christian Endeavor. The front veranda I used for a Bible class and prayer meeting for my servants' wives and other women - every afternoon.

Our language study commenced Wednesday, with an efficient Brahmin teacher. He comes to the bungalow about seven o'clock in the morning and our work commences after "chhoti haziri" which is our early breakfast served in the room. We work with him until our ten o'clock genuine breakfast and after that we work until between 11 and 12. We are now going to launch upon some extra work which will keep up our interest, and not be too much of a strain with the language work. Jimmy is to work among the boys—play ball and various games with them in the afternoon—and I am to have a certain set of Hindustani women, the wives of the teachers, who teach English in one of the schools. These women are educated and talk English. The plan is this: I am to become personally acquainted with them, call upon them, invite them to afternoon tea, play badminton with them, and then after we know each other I am to start a little mission study class with them, keep them interested in the progress of the work, see that they attend the the services, etc. I know it will be wonderful and they will be fascinating to know. Some of them, I believe, are Church of England members.

The language work is quite engrossing, although we have not started thoroughly upon it yet, for I have been busy getting settled. When we first arrived, we were given a large bedroom off the big parlor or living room. Then, yesterday they also gave us the room next to it, so we decided to use the first room as our study and reception room and the second for our bedroom. The walls have not been freshly white washed so that they are rather a dull gray color, but you ought to see what a good looking room we are making out of the study "room."

Tomorrow I am going to start to decorate the walls with our handsomely ~~they will quite cover the bare wall. I will also hang pictures and kokimonos~~ embroidered Chinese squares. These are very unusual and so large that they will quite cover the bare wall. . I will also hang pictures and kokimonos and do various other things to add to the attractiveness of the room. Of course it will not look just as I would like to have it, for the carpet is old-fashioned, and the gray wall won't blend as some other color would, but then it will be the best we can do and I know it will look quite cozy and attractive. When our cases arrive, we will have more things still, but all this fuss is only for two months, for we will soon be in the hills for four months, where we will attend the language school and enjoy the hill country. The Formans are going to have the two rooms white washed so that next fall we will be refurnishing them. The large living room, in which I am writing, is a soft creamy yellow color and the room is furnished very cozily, in good taste, though not expensively. This is where they serve afternoon tea and receive their friends. The room opens out on the veranda by means of two large double doors. Back of the living room is the big dining room opening upon a rear porch.

I do not know how long we will live with the Formans, but it is such a lovely place to live and when we really become settled in the Fall we can be quite at home. We may not stay for a long time in Mainpuri. We cannot tell exactly how long or where we will live, but anyway this is to be our home for the time being. They have a very pretty daughter, a graduate of Worcester College, who, unfortunately, went to South India, to do some work before we came. Mrs. Forman is so sorry she did not have the opportunity of meeting us.

Mrs. Forman loves pretty clothes but has no ability to either trim hats or make dresses. She admires mine so much, and takes them in quite scrutinizingly. She asks me opinions about her clothes, etc., and at present I am making a hat for her. She seems to think it quite wonderful to twist and turn about a hat and trim it. She said her daughter made her summer clothes for her. Mrs. Forman has a lovely face—large blue eyes and soft gray hair. She is very sweet and so nice to me.

The missionaries can live so comfortably on so little money. The servants—all men—seem to be splendid. The wives of the missionaries can do a good deal of the mission work.

Jimmy and I have taken some drives together in the Forman's funny little turnout with one horse. We drove to the Raja's Palace one day. He is the petty ruler of this place. I think Mrs. Forman said she would take me to see his wife some day. She will be interesting to meet.

The roads are filled with weird sights, brightly dressed and turbaned Hindustanis who respectfully salute us by touching the hand to the brow, or by saying "Salam!" Jimmy is called Sahib—and I Memsahib. These are the general terms for man and wife. And an unmarried woman is called "Missahib."

The crowded village streets are lined with open stone stores and shops, in which are seated many phases of Hindustanis, some with long beards, some in turbans, some in small round caps, some brightly gowned and others somberly dressed. We have been to two Hindustani services, well attended, and heard an earnest Hindustani preacher.

This afternoon there is to be an English service and Jimmy is going to preach. He has been working hard and I hope will do very well.

We all have very pleasant evenings, very often company to dinner, after which we have jolly games of dominos. It is really lots of fun.

Until within the last few days a very attractive young lady has been staying here. She is an Eurasian, that is, the daughter of an Englishman and an Indian woman. She has the features of an Englishwoman but the black hair and very dark skin of the Hindustani. She is really very attractive looking and speaks English wonderfully with a slight accent. She is an inspectress of government schools, and is very successful, I guess. It is quite a cross for her to be an Eurasian for they are looked down upon by the English, and although she is so cultured she is treated very rudely by some people. But she is very brave and holds her own splendidly, and through her work, she meets very high class people. She is coming back again before we leave, I think. She is so full of life and so entertaining.

We have received word from "Thos. Cook" that 6 cases have arrived. They may be the ones J. sent, or the ones we sent. The others, which haven't arrived will be on the way soon, I hope. We expect the six to be delivered here soon. We have two small extra rooms in which we can store what we won't use. We can also keep the cases and some of the trunks in these rooms.

The last letter I received from you all was dated December 13, I think, or somewhere near there, although a card, I believe, from Aunt Emma may have been sent on Christmas. I am anxiously awaiting the others.

Isn't it a good thing that we don't get homesick? The life is so absorbing. Of course I would love to have you all out here to visit. Do you think

you mother, and Margie could take a trip to Europe a year from next summer? That sounds ridiculous, but maybe there might be some way of your coming. Then I could take a trip in to see you.

You mentioned **tooth brush!** We laid in a **supply** of those and paste before we came. We have enough to last us for 2 years.

Write often. I enjoyed father's letter too. Tell him to write again. Send me some photographs of yourselves.

Lovingly,
Shirley.

P. S. Be sure to address—Mainpuri, United Provinces, India, care of Rev. J. N. Forman.

From "Mainpuri Field Notes:"

Language Study.

After a new missionary recovers from the feeling of surprise and wonder at all the strange sights about him, his interest is soon aroused by the strange sounds that he hears. It takes some time for him to realize that this is a real language as it is entirely unintelligible to him. He then wonders if he will ever be able to understand and speak this speech that he hears on all sides. Then he thinks that he had better learn what the other fellow is trying to say to him, or about him as the case may be.

Once More in Kindergarten.

To do this he must become once more a babe and must stumble through the mysteries and pitfalls of an unknown tongue as he did in kindergarten days. Once more he must struggle with a strange alphabet, once more take up a primer and in halting tones, painfully and sometimes prayerfully, discover from its pages that a "cat ate a rat" and a "boy has a hat." Except he becomes as a little child he cannot enter into the mysteries of the language.

539 Dialects.

India possesses many languages and in each part of this great land a different one is used which all together count up into more than one hundred, not to mention three or four times that number of dialects. A recent investigator has discovered five hundred and thirty-nine distinct dialects.

Hindi and Urdu are the languages spoken in the part of India where we live, so it is quite necessary that we learn both of them before we become really efficient Missionaries. The learning of two languages seems to the new comer rather appalling, but he soon finds that they are very similar, and hope once more returns to his feverish brain. As spoken languages these two have many points of resemblance, but from a literary point of view they are quite separate.

Relationship of Hindi and Urdu.

The cause of their similarity is very easy to discover. Urdu, the younger language is very much dependent on Hindi, which in many places it is displacing. The older language was spoken by the Hindus before the conquest of India by the Mohammedans. These conquerers spoke Arabic, but after living in India for a time lost the purity of their mother tongue, and in their capital city of Delhi and especially in the great military camps that surrounded that city, there sprang up a mixed language part Hindi, part Arabic and part Persian. This new language borrows its grammar from the Hindi, its alphabet from the Persian, and its speller from the Arabic. Thus like

the English language it can claim descent from several revered ancestors. It is known as Urdu, or the language of the camp. It is this camp language, with Hindi proper, that has become the lingua franca of India and is spoken by about one hundred and twenty-eight millions, or more than a third of the entire population.

Popularity of English.

English, however, is becoming more and more popular. Every educated man must know it, and it is the ambition of every school boy to have a good grasp of this language.

For this reason the Mission School is crowded when a Government School in the same town with newer buildings and better equipment but where English is not so well taught, may not find students flocking to its halls. This makes it possible to preach the Gospel to Hindu and Mohammedan students who could not be reached in any other way. The learning of English is the key that opens the way for the entrance of Christ. It is quite necessary then that each of our mission High Schools should have a European teacher of English.

James Watt.

Mainpuri, United Provinces, India.

Care of Rev. J. N. Forman,,

February 24, 1915.

Dear Mother:

Now that I have finished a study period in "Urdu" under Mrs. Forman's guidance, I have a few minutes perhaps before the dinner bell rings to at least start a letter to you.

I have had quite a busy day, putting up pictures, covering two sofa pillows, arranging things in general besides a morning of language study, a short nap, and a beautiful drive with Jimmy. The rides and walks thru the open country are very enjoyable and will keep us in good condition.

Since I wrote you we have been pursuing our language work and various other activities involving several dinner parties, which are the popular form of entertainment in the wilds of India.

Last Friday evening Mrs. Mills, Miss Parsons, (her friend), Judge Marshall and Mr. Mitchell, dined with us. I took particular pleasure in fixing up the table with my lace doilies and hand painted doilies (which you never saw). They are beautiful and were sent to us from England by Nora Shand. I also used my cut glass flower vase and several other things including my silver candle sticks for which I made some pretty shades out of stiff paper covered with pink and green material bordered with lace. They were really very pretty, considering that I did not have appropriate materials. The flower vase and two small silver loving cups of Jimmy's were filled with yellow daisies and ferns and all together the table was very attractive. We are going to share our belongings with Mrs. Forman while we live here—and she is delighted to use them. We are both sharing the same bungalow and why shouldn't we share each other's possessions.

We have received all Jimmy's cases but one, and we have learned from Thomas Cook that mine would be in Calcutta toward the end of this month so I suppose we will have them before long. I am still expecting the Christmas package from you, but packages are slow in arriving. I will be so glad to have it and appreciate your kindness in sending it out. By the way, if

you have any things you want to send us, do them up well and send them parcel post to Lancaster, for last week Jimmy sent home to his mother a very long list of articles, which he asked her to send out. All the things sent for will amount to 200 pounds or more so you can have your package sent with them from Lancaster. I will write Mrs. Watt, explainning this so that you won't have to write to explain. You might be able to send out quite a number. You see, they don't charge by weight, but by size of case, so your things can be squeezed in and it wou't be any expense to you. Send them right away.

To proceed with the news, Judge Marshall entertained our household at dinner last evening in his large white bungalow. He is always a most cheerful host, in spite of the fact that he lives all alone and spends his days giving orders to hang or imprison criminals. One would think that he would be horribly depressed, but he seems to be blessed with an unusual temperament. One of his men servants wore a tan suit, white girdle, scarlet over-vest and cuffs. A white streamer hung from his turban over the back of his neck aud altogether he was a most impressive personage. It is the custom in India for the guests to bring a servant with them. Consequently last evening, Mr. Mitchell's servant appeared in the dining room to serve with the Judge's two servants. This custom not only facilitates the serving but affords a nice little spree for the visiting servant.

Our language teacher is **excruciatingly** funny! We will pass away with laughter at his rediculous speeches and performances! And he is so sincere and serious about it all.

He takes particular pleasure in bringing the members of his family to see us. Not long ago the parlor was well filled with guests, when Pragg Datt called with his grandson, a full-grown young man arrayed in peacock blue drapery. Old Pragg started to scold him furiously because he had failed in history. It was so absurd that we almost exploded with laughter, though we thought it quite pitiful for the poor grandson.

Then one morning Pragg brought his granddaughter to see me. She was a pretty Brahmiu of twelve in a vivid purple drapery, many bracelets, anklets, etc. Before she came Pragg told me that it was the custom to give presents to visitors. He then told me quite a list of things which I might give her, and a generous list it was. But when she came I presented her with some bright pink material for a drapery and I think she was pleased.

Yesterday Pragg brought in a gray haired, gray whiskered man whom he said was his "first born!" He treated him iu the most humiliating way, escorting him about the room to show him our belongings, etc., opened our wardrobe to show him, as he said, of what precious material our clothes were made and particularly displaying Jimmy's bathrobe and remarking up-on the quality. Today he told us that he has to support his "first born" son because he won't work. He said his son was "fond of rest." When I replied that he was lazy, Pragg said "not lazy—fond of rest!"

Old Pragg appeared one afternoon with some medicine for Jimmy (he had a slight attack of dysentery). The medicine proved to be quite good and helped to cure him. We thought Pragg very thoughtful and kind, but today when Jimmy was out of the room he asked me if he were better and when I said he was, then Progg informed me that he expected some presents

because the medicine had cured him. He said to me very confidentially "I have spoken to him on the subject. Have you consulted him?" Then he proceeded to state that he needed some new shoes, because his shoes were "rotten," etc. I was greatly amused, but "consulted" with Jimmy and he gave him two rupes besides his salary.

Referring to himself he said that he was of very high family, although his "hand was bare" (meaning his poverty.) He said that he had in him the blood of kings and that there were only three other families in Mainpuri above his.

We never know what he is going to say or do next. He is the most interesting character ever heard of, in or out of books.

Tomorrow our bedding and clothing will be packed off to "Bhogoan," to which place we are going to drive Friday to camp out until Monday with the Moores.

My Bible Class starts a week from Friday. I have decided to take "Matthew" for I have been making an outline of that book while on our trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Forman are giving us splendid help in our language study and pretty soon we will feel quite encouraged.

Will write soon again.

Lovingly,
Shirley.

Mainpuri,

Thursday, March 18, 1915.

We have been having quite an interesting time since I last wrote you. Mr. Mitchell, the faithful Mainpuri Missionary, left for home Tuesday and his departure was celebrated by "teas," farewell services, etc. Last Saturday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Moore gave him a very enjoyable little tea and Monday evening we all gave him a farewell reception. A number of people came including several of the Indian Mission School teachers, Dr. and Mrs. Mills, Miss Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Moore and others.

We had quite a program—some splendid "records," zither solos by one of the Indians, a conundrum game, a magic game by Jimmy, a song by Mrs. Forman and a farewell "pome" which I wrote. This was written on a paper under a cover adorned with sweet peas. I read it aloud to him after the other performances had taken place. Tuesday we had a farewell luncheon at Mrs. Moore's, after which a short farewell service in the parlor and then we set out for the station to "see him off." What an impressive afternoon that was! I shall never forget it. At the rear of the bungalow was a most interesting collection of native people who had come to bid him "good-bye." There were numbers and numbers of all types of devoted admirers of Mr. Mitchell. Standing at one side were the servants in their turbans, "salaaming" and bowing and directly opposite the door was a most beautiful gathering of poor outcaste women in picturesque costumes, and almost every one carrying a small baby in her arms. I have never seen a group which impressed me more than those women did as they hurried along together, in order to stand in a conspicuous place to bid farewell to Mr. Mitchell. There were several carriages waiting to escort the party to the station and as we passed out from the midst of the crowd they all bowed and salaamed "farewells."

But this was not all. When we reached the station, there was an enormous crowd to bid him the last "good-bye." The school boys lined up respectfully saluting him as he passed, and finally giving an enthusiastic cheer. Hardly had the train stopped when the yellow turbaned assistant station master, placed around Mr. Mitchell's neck, a brilliant necklace made of red poppies, roses and vivid yellow flowers, after which he proceeded to shower him with rose leaves.

Mr. Mitchell has done a great work in India and has made many friends. I don't quite see what Mainpuri will do without him. Jimmy has been so interested in the school, that he may be put in charge of it some day.

We now have Mr. Mitchell's servant. "Nubi" is his name and he will be of greater use to us than the school boy whom we have been employing. "Nubi" is at our "beck and call" whenever we need him. Of course there is not much for him to do, but he makes our beds, dusts, and can run errands for us. He went to the bazaar this morning and brought back from the dyer's that old tan linen dress which I have had dyed a beautiful shade of lavender, for only a rupee (33c). It was the one trimmed with brown ribbon for which I never cared very much and now it will be very useful and attractive.

Yesterday I had a busy day framing seven or eight pictures for Mrs. Forman, putting new pictures in old frames, and old pictures in different frames. It was quite a lot of fun and they are now hanging in her parlor. She is much pleased. It is a pleasure to do things for her.

When I was at Lancaster, Annie taught me how to make mayonnaise dressing. I tried it here, last evening and it turned out wonderfully. What luck for the first time!

We are still having perfect weather. All days alike—clear, sunshiny and just warm enough to be pleasant. Perhaps you are having some spring days at home. I know how wonderful the first spring weather always seemed, but here there is not that decided change of weather.

Jimmy has purchased some splendid photograph supplies and materials for printing, so today I will send home some pictures. They will probably be enclosed in this letter.

Enclosed are some letters you might like to read.

Write soon.

Lovingly,
Shirley.

Foregoing part missing.

James has preached two or three times before this and nobody said an encouraging word to him. He felt rather discouraged because neither Mrs. Forman, Mr. Forman, nor Mr. Mitchell praised him but today they seemed so pleased and spoke to him about it immediately afterward. He really did very well and I am so glad because he tries so hard and feels blue when no one of the congregation seems enthusiastic. I think he will be a splendid preacher if he keeps on trying, for his thoughts and ideas are excellent and now that he is acquiring so much assurance and directness of delivery, the outlook is very bright for him. He is such an enthusiastic worker. Teaches English in the Indian boys' high school, that is, he teaches boys who wish to perfect themselves in English. Then he engages in open air sports with a crowd of Indian boys. I went down to the field to watch him the other

day. The missionaries all seem pleased with the great interest he shows in the work.

Saturday morning I started upon my work with the poor outcast sewing women. Four of them and the cunning baby of one sat on the floor of our poreh. The women mended the school boys' suits, under my supervision. At the same time a crowd of Indian High School boys came to interview Jimmy about their work, and there he stood in his bathrobe talking to this crowd of boys while I bent over the women who were sewing.

This Friday at last, I am to start my Bible Class with the higher class educated wives of teachers. I will have them come at five o'clock at which time "tea" will be served, and after the ice has thus been broken by a little sociability, we will commence work. I know it will be interesting. Some of these women are members of the Church of England, so that I will feel quite like an Episcopalian Missionary when I work with them.

Mrs. Forman and I work at "Urdu" every evening, now, and it is quite fascinating. I will spend my mornings at "Hindi" and "Urdu" and a little study period with Mrs. Forman before dinner in "Urdu." "Urdu" is the language of the Mohammedans and "Hindi" the language of the Hindus. The language spoken in this part of the country is a mixture of both, hence we learn both. Jimmy is progressing well in the language.

Hindi characters here.

Urdu characters here.

Mrs. Forman is giving me lessons in reading these. Although I haven't any real foundation yet, I seem to find it easy to remember every-day sentences and I find it fun to talk as much as I can, and try to understand what others say. Mr. and Mrs. Forman have mastered the language wonderfully, and the conversation lessons which Mrs. Forman gives me are very enjoyable.

Sunday, April Seventeenth.

Mainpuri, U. P.

Dear Folks:

I know you will be interested to hear about our visit to Pragg Datt's home yesterday afternoon. Pragg Datt has been visiting us for a long time and has taken much pleasure in the anticipation of our visit, so yesterday was quite a red letter day for him. We drove over and were met part way by the "first born," who came to meet us and to tell us that the road was being fixed so that we would have to walk the rest of the way. When we approached the house Pragg Datt stood in the door way, smilingly beamingly and saying "you are welcome."

The house is a small rough brick house, utterly bare, but neat. We walked into one small open court-yard where Jimmy stayed to visit with Pragg Datt while I walked thru into the next small court-yard, where sat the women of the Zenana. There were five women altogether, Pragg Datt's daughter-in-law, his sister-in-law, and his granddaughter-in-law, also Can-norani and another young girl. Besides these there was a young boy, Pragg Datt's grandson and a smaller child, also a wee baby (the one he brought to see me one day.)

I was offered the best "Charpoi" (bed) to sit upon and there I sat surrounded by these staring, question asking people. The grandson, who spoke a little English acted as interpreter. One asked how old I was! One spoke

of the moles on my face, while another inquired as to whether or not I put oil on my hair! You see my hair had been shampooed a short time ago and to them, it looked very dry, for they oil their heads every day. I was given a little earthen pot of sherbert to drink, and a small Indian sweet cake, and when I had finished with the sherbert, I offered it to someone to take away, whereupon I was informed that they could not touch it after I had been drinking! It would be a great error for them to defile themselves by touching anything used by one who is not a Brahmin, so later on, one of the little girls motioned to me to throw it down the drain pipe. They were indeed a picturesque, interesting looking crowd as they sat grouped together. But the most interesting thing of all was to watch their conduct when Pragg Datt or the "first born" entered the room immediately down came the "Chaddars" (head draperies) over their faces so that they sat there in this ghost-like way, faces and heads entirely hidden from view, for no man can see the faces of the women of his own household unless he is in certain relation to them, that is: when Pragg Datt came into the room certain ones (whose faces he never sees) went thru this performance, while others did not, and when the "first born" came in some covered their faces while others did not. Pragg has not seen his own grandson's wife and she is very beautiful. He has spoken to me before about her beauty about which he has heard, and he was so interested yesterday to have me tell him what she looked like. Doesn't it seem weird! To live in the same household with one's own women relations and never see their uncovered faces.

Channorani, while she is free and lives in her own home, does not cover her face, but when she marries and goes to live in her husband's family, she will live within the brick walls of the zenana and will have to cover her face as the others do.

I don't see how they endure such an existence, no pleasures, no air, just to stay within the walls of those bare little houses, to cook the meals and lead an apparently very monotonous life.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Kemp came to return my call while I was out. It is too bad I missed her, she is such an attractive English woman. Mrs. Cornelius (one of the Hindustani women) has invited me to play badminton tomorrow afternoon.

We are working away at the language, Hindi dictation, Urdu dictation, reading a Hindi book, (Dhuranitulla and also translating the "Gospel by John," from Urdu into English. It will be nice to go on with the language study in the hills where it will be more systematized. Here we have to plan it out ourselves and we really do not know when nor how to accomplish just the right amount, or exactly when or what each exam. will be but when we attend a regular language school in the hills it will be more systematic. Mrs. Forman is a born scholar and there is nothing that she likes more to do than to help me with "Urdu" and I enjoy writing the "Urdu" words in the funny little characters. Urdu character writing is harder than Hindi writing but both are very interesting. This morning I took a class in Sunday School, a group of outcaste women. I could not translate the lesson myself but by saying a few words I could get them to say what they knew, to read it aloud, to say it from memory, etc. All such work is good language practice for me.

Jimmy has a little literary society for the high school men and is also helping Mr. Cornelius to prepare for an examination. He is going to preach today.

Mrs. Forman gave me an opal ring to do what I could to get some money on it for the mission work here. She said she was holding a meeting of her women one day, and a better class Indian woman, visiting in the neighborhood, happened to be present. Hearing the work of the mission discussed, she became very much impressed and as she had no money to give she offered the opal ring thinking it might bring in some money for the work. I am going to send it to Nathalie and ask her to tell the story to the girls at Northfield and ask them to buy the ring collectively and then make a present of it to someone.

While I was starting to write Nathalie about it I had to leave to go driving and the next time I looked for it it had disappeared! I wanted to make up for it so offered Mrs. Forman quite a number of rupes. She would only take 10, however, but the very next day the sweeper brought the ring to me! So Mrs. Forman said that I could consider that I had bought it with the ten rupes, and that it was my own property. However, I will do this to make some money on it for the work. Nathalie would be in her element telling the story connected with it and thus doing some missionary work!

Enclosed are some more pictures I took. Will send some better ones soon.

Write soon.

Lovingly,

Shirley.

Landour, Mussoorie, U. P.

Himalaya Mountains.

Dear Folks at Home:

Since I stopped writing we have reached our destination and have been here a good part of two days. What a wonderful place this is! It will be difficult to describe the beauty of it. After leaving Saharapur, Friday night at 11 o'clock, we sped along until we reached the final stop, Dhera Dua at 5 o'clock the next morning. On that station was gathered a large number of hill going people going this way and that and greeting friends whom they were surprised to see. We met the Janiers, whom we hadn't seen since we left Allahabad, a Mrs. Avery and others. Also were introduced to a number of people whom we hadn't met. The first thing we did was to find a "tonga" cart which drove us and our baggage to Chapman's Hotel, where we had "Chota Laziri" and washed up.

Then we started on the exciting trip up the mountain sides, Jimmy on horseback and I in a "dandy." A dandy is a peculiarly shaped sedan chair, looking something like a row boat would look if it were carried by four men.

Isn't this a beautiful (?) drawing! But it really looks something like this! Up, up, up I went, the mountains coming into view on all sides. Round and round the mountain roads, up and down the narrow paths. How exhausted the dandy bearers did become! I made them stop often, but they would have stopped very seldom if I hadn't. It seemed an endless ride but a most interesting and unusual one. Such magnificent views of hills receding, and new hills appearing. We started from Chapman's some-

where between seven and eight in the morning, and reached "Midlands" between one and two o'clock in the afternoon. And now here we both are at "Midlands," 6 or 7,000 feet above sea level, overlooking a vast abyss and many other steep mountains all about us and gazing up at houses half buried in trees on still higher summits near us. The hillsides are a mass of green trees and underbrush and there are fascinating walks and rides in "dandies" to be taken thru winding roads in different directions. We have a lovely room, electric light, and ample sized Indian bath room, also a pretty little outside enclosed veranda upon which our room opens. The wall of our room is white, also woodwork, and I am going to buy some pretty cretonne tomorrow to cover chairs, make pillows, etc. The porch I will use as a little tea room and fix that up too with cretonne. We have some of our silver with us. tea-pot, sugar bowl, spoons, knives and forks, a silver dish, etc. We do not need the rest because we take our meals in the dining room at Midlands. You see, Midlands is a girls' boarding school and it is so pleasant to see so many attractive young girls strolling about.

Our language school will not start until Wednesday or Thursday so we will have a little time to get settled. Dr. Woodard is staying at Midlands too.

In a few days we will start making calls on those who live on other hill sides or nearby, and pretty soon the afternoon teas will start, which must be very enjoyable. I do wish you could be in India, you would enjoy it so. Margie and you will have to come out together some time. He is such a help. I know we will enjoy the language study and I hope we will make good progress in it.

Your nice letter greeted me here.

The package has not come! I thought for a while that it had been sent by freight and Mrs. Forman said that always takes some time, but when you speak as though you had sent it by mail, I feel as though I ought to look it up. I will write to Bombay. Write me soon and often.

Lovingly,

Shirley.

Wouldnt it be nice if you could all be transplanted here for the summer?

Landour, Mussoorie, U. P.

"Midlands."

We have been having such an interesting time for the last few days. Friday afternoon Mrs. Lawrence gave a tea for all the North India Mission people summering at Landauer. It was so enjoyable—delicious eats! I became very well acquainted with Mrs. Sam Higginbottom, the wife of the famous missionary to lepers. Do you remember that Jimmy and I walked way over to Riverdale last May to hear Mr. Higginbottom speak and were disappointed at finding that he had spoken in the morning? They were both on furlough last year making a tour of speeches in all the large cities. It was most interesting and effecting to hear Mrs. Higginbottom tell of the lepers in the asylum. Some years ago Mr. Higginbottom was called to take charge of the leper district. He looked at it and found it to be a mass of dirty little uncomfortable huts. One look was enough to discourage him. He said that he could not do it, but finally he went ahead with enthusiasm to see what he could do and under his direction and efforts the asylum is now complete and comfortable, and doing a world of good for the suffering creatures sheltered there. She has been touring all about from one city to

another in the United States talking to large congregations about not only the leper work, but all phases of Allahabad missionary work, while Mr. Higginbottom has been doing the same thing at the same time in different cities. They each go on a separate tour. They have thoroughly enjoyed their work.

Yesterday afternoon, J. and I took a trip to Mussoorie, treated ourselves to ice cream and candy, did a little shopping and returned in time to get ready for a party which the College girls gave in honor of someone's birthday. They have a large hall at one end of the house, and part of this had been screened off, furnished with rugs, tables, chairs, and the walls decorated with some very Japanese branches. The party was a great success and for the first time I became thoroughly acquainted with the college girls. I never have met a more attractive set of girls and many of them so beautiful! Wonderful coloring. They are the daughters of English and Eurasian people residing in India, and two or three the daughters of missionaries. The ages range from 15 to 22. They are fascinating conversationalists. How far ahead of Americans English people are in that respect. Many of the girls are Eurasians, and this accounts for a great deal of the beauty, the dark skins, etc. They were all dressed so prettily last evening. We played games, and had a little program of singing, piano and recitations. One of them seemed to have a sort of a "crush" so last evening she was particularly devoted to me and said she was going to bring me some flowers in the morning. Another one came and invited Jimmy and myself to dine at their table tonight. We shall probably have very lively times from now on.

If Margie ever comes to visit us in India she could come up here to the college and visit the girls. I know she would rave about them. You see their school commences in March and lasts until November, then they have their vacation in winter, so that they do not have to go back to the plains during the heat. This is a wonderful location for a college, in these beautiful mountains so high above sea-level. We are enjoying our stay here very much.

Our language study starts at eight every morning in the parlor where we attend a class of six or seven people conducted by an old missionary, Dr. Wherry. This first class lasts an hour, and then Dr. Griswold, another jolly missionary, comes in for a half hour's conversation lesson. This is great fun. He springs upon us with all sorts of questions and remarks in Urdu, and we have to understand and reply in Urdu. It is splendid practice and so enjoyable. Then J. and I are free for a little while before breakfast so we get our mountain sticks, put on our "topis" and go for a little climb or tramp returning in time for breakfast at 10. We are free from the time we finish breakfast until 12:30, when our "munshi" (tutor) comes for an hour and a half (till "tiffin" at 2) and then a half hour after "tiffin," then we are free for the rest of the day. We can do as much outside studying as we wish to and there is usually a little to prepare, but the language is so interesting that we do not mind studying it. Some of our exams. may come in June and some will be in the Fall. We are getting along very nicely and can talk quite a little, also write the Urdu and Hindi characters.

Isn't it strange, that the resident missionary at the head of this college is a near relative of the people who live right across the street from the Watts at Lancaster. She is not only the head of the school but also the head of the table where we sit and it was so interesting to find it out. I

showed her some pictures of Watts' house and grounds from which the window of her relatives' house may be plainly seen.

I received a letter from Bombay post office stating that they would look up the parcel. Don't hesitate to repeat any important news in your letters, because some of the mail may have gone down on some of the sinking vessels. India is calm and peaceful, but we hear news of the dreadful war from the "Pioneer," a paper published in India.

Write me soon every bit of news. I miss you very much. Have that little picture of you mounted and tacked up on the wall.

Lovingly,

Shirley.

I was thinking how nice it would be if I could walk in to see you all for a little while and then come back. I dream about going home sometimes but it never seems to be our house. I am always in the street somewhere, at Aunt Emmie's house with you or something indefinite. I wish I could dream that I was in the "sitting room" with you all, telling you about India, or at the dinner table. Then it would seem real.

Landour.

Dear Folks:

A whole week has passed since I started this lengthy letter to you and so many events of interest have taken place since I stopped writing.

Monday evening the whole North India set of Presbyterian Missionaries and some from the Punjab were entertained at a most successful evening picnic given on the grounds of the Woodstock School. (See the postal card I sent to Father.) The original plan was to have it a moonlight picnic but they discovered that the moon would not rise in time for the occasion.

However, the moonlight was not necessary, for the pretty garden at Woodstock hung in Japanese lanterns and the light from the rooms shone out over the shrubbery and plants, while we gazed over the mountains and valley at the lights of Mussoorie and Raj Pore and Dehra Doon. Some of the musically gifted people contributed solos, violin selections, piano, etc., and the evening ended with "MacNamara's Band" in which all the men took part, using any article on hand for a musical instrument. It was very funny Jimmy was quite a leader in this for he knows the words so well and this is always his particular "stunt." I did not mention that delicious supper served by the white arrayed servants under the light of the Japanese lanterns. Mrs. Arthur Ewing, of Allahabad was the person in charge of the whole occasion and she is always a wonderful hostess. You remember I described the pretty little dinner she gave at Allahabad.

Tuesday the "General Convention" for the deepening of Spiritual life was commenced at Mussoorie in the Union Church. Somewhat like the Northfield conference. It lasted until Friday and was well attended by all sorts and kinds of people. Dr. Janvier preached very inspiringly, also a well known Methodist, Mr. Bradley, quite a young man and a wonderful speaker. The meetings lasted from twelve o'clock noon until near two, when "tiffin" was served at the rear of the church. Then the service started again at five, lasting until seven or after. The conference closed Friday evening with a testimonial meeting which was very interesting. One man (not a missionary) arose and said that he had been very much helped by attending the meetings and that he regretted so much that more men didn't come. He

said he had noticed that so few young men were in attendance. Many of the missionaries spoke very well. The meeting was conducted by a Mr. Penryn Jones, a splendid Welsh Missionary of South India. The walls of the church were hung in bright red banners holding verses of scripture and over the platform hung the banner bearing the inscription, "All one in Christ."

I did not mention that Dr. Wherry of our mission arose and said that it was so nice to feel that all denominations were together, then he jokingly referred to the Methodists by saying that he would not know which ones they were if it were not for their occasional outbursts of "Amens," "Praises," etc. They certainly are an enthusiastic set and know how to reach the hearts. Of course the Presbyterians are very successful too but I thought you and father would be interested to hear about the Methodists.

Just as the last meeting was breaking up the organist started up "God Save the King." The Americans usually join in with this by singing "My Country 'Tis of Thee," as they both have the same tune.

Friday evening, after the long "dandle" ride (and walk combined) to Midlands we ended the day by attending a party given by the College girls. Miss Davis, one of the teachers, had prepared a "Rag Doll" drill composed of several girls. It was very clever. The rest of the program consisted of solos, recitations, etc. Jimmy and I joined in in our usual way by contributing what we could.

Next Saturday afternoon, Miss Luckrow, Dr. Woodard, J. and I are to entertain all the missionaries at "tea" and badminton here.

This morning the famous "Sam Higginbottom" came down to deliver a most interesting "leper" talk to the girls. It was the most impressive and effective story. He started at the very beginning, relating how he met a man in the car one day during his senior year at Princeton College. The man asked him what he expected to do after his graduation. He replied that he was a Student Volunteer and that he had considered going thru the seminary after which he thought of going to Africa or China. Whereupon the man asked him if he didn't think he could go as he was as an unordained man to India. He thought for a while and decided that he would. Arrangements were soon made and he received his appointment and was sent as "an unordained experiment to work among the outcaste peoples of India." When he reached Allahabad he was thrust into some teaching at the College for which he did not feel specially fit, and one day he was told that he was to take charge of the leper asylum. The thought was dreadful to him, but another asked him to jump on his bicycle and ride over to the colony to take a look at it. As he approached the quarters he was unfavorably impressed first of all with the mass of dirty mud huts, which presented themselves as the leper asylum. But when he entered and saw the gathering of miserable, suffering humanity, which they held, he was horribly depressed. Such a pitiful collection of people had never greeted him before. The women lying in filth, appeared to have lost all their womanliness in their sufferings and the men were equally as wretched. As he looked at these poor suffering people, Mr. Higginbottom said that he felt so strongly that he could not undertake to manage the asylum. He left the quarters deciding that this could not be his work but just as he was departing from the grounds he caught sight of a most pitiful object, a most heartrending sight. There lying in the dust under a tree was a Mohammedan leper, unable to walk,

his fingers and toes falling off. He looked at the poor creature in his wretchedness and said to himself, "This man is my brother. I have come to India to be a missionary. I cannot leave him." From that time Mr. Higginbottom decided that he would undertake the building up of and caring for the asylum. After his efforts and labors of ten years or so there are now 300 lepers well cared for and as comfortable as they can be made in the new clean buildings, which have been erected under Mr. Higginbottom's supervision.

It was so affecting to hear him tell about a certain respectable, clean, happy Indian woman, whom the civil surgeon diagnosed as a leper and committed her to confinement in the leper asylum. Some peculiar sort of breaking out had appeared on this woman's hands and a missionary who was interested in her tried to heal the hands by applying medicine. This failed so the civil surgeon was consulted and he pronounced the woman a leper. It was consequently decided that she would have to go to Mr. Higginbottom's leper asylum. She was separated from her loved ones and taken to the asylum. They escorted her into the place where were gathered the leper women in their misery, such pitiable objects as she had never seen. She looked at them and then turned to her brother and said, "Will I be like these women?" and when he replied that she would, she threw her head on his shoulder and cried out in agonized sobbing, "Can there be a God, who would thus afflict a young girl like me?" Mr. Higginbottom tried to console her. "You have come from better surroundings than these poor women have. You have had more in your life than they. Don't you think it would be nice to try to put into their lives something of what you have enjoyed?" She took new courage at this and now how wonderful it is to see the change that has come into the lives of those poor leper women. She has taught them hymns, has talked with them and helped them in so many ways and Mr. Higginbottom says that she is never without a radiant smile on her face, and she said to Mr. H. one day that she was so glad God had made her a leper because it had enabled her to do so much for the lives of those suffering women.

This is just a sample of the talks which Mr. and Mrs. Higginbottom have been giving in the large cities of the United States. They can both go on endlessly telling story after story and they have appealed to all sorts of people.

Tuesday Margie will graduate I suppose. It seems as though she had only just entered Savage's. I thought of sending a cablegram "Congratulations," but I hardly think it will be worth while.

Jimmy is planning to build a tiny cottage up here in the hills—maybe next summer, so that we can keep house up here as so many others do, and he said he thought it would be so nice for you to come and live with us a year. You would find the life very healthful and would thoroughly enjoy it, and I would love to have you here.

Please write very often and tell me every little detail of news. Things you don't think at all interesting are very much appreciated out here.

Enclosed are some pictures which you may like.

Jimmy sends love.

Shirley.

Sunday, June Thirteenth.

Dear Mother:

Enclosed are some pictures, which I think you will enjoy. They give you an exact idea of us at work with our "munshi" although he was not there at the time they were taken.

We returned in time for supper from Kellog Memorial Church, situated at the very summit of the mountain near us. Mrs. Griswold let me ascend in her "dande" because she had requested me to teach her class of boys. This is the second time I have taken the class and they are such an interesting set. This afternoon the lesson concerned the confession and forgiveness of David.

But quite the event of the season was the large tea given by Dr. Woodward, Miss Locknow and "Mrs. Watt" yesterday afternoon at "Midlands." We have had it planned for quite a little time and at last the great occasion came and passed off most successfully.

We sent cards to everybody we could think of—our own mission, Methodists, "Christian," etc, etc. We decided to give it in the large bare assembly hall, and to do this we had to bring about a wonderful transformation. Coolies servants and ourselves were soon at work in the labors of decorating and furnishing. The spacious plaster floor was thoroughly swept, wide window sills cleared of books or other encumbrances. The coolies brought in large numbers and beautiful long "Japanesy" branches. Some sort of a tree of which I do not know the name, but which is used for decorating. The branches look like this, millions of thread-like appearing leaves. These were nailed all over the white walls, making the room look so attractive. Then came the exertion of collecting pillows, draperies, chairs, cretonnes, flowers, rugs, and all sorts and kinds of fascinating things belonging to those who were generous enough to lend them. I gathered together all our own things—our Japanese table cloths, 2 Japanese kokimonos, 2 cut velvet pictures, (one of Fuji), our vases, linens, and all the other available articles which we happened to bring to the "hills." Miss Bittinger, Franklein and others loaned us the most wonderful Indian embroideries, couch covers, pillows, not to mention the great variety of weird (durrys) Indian embroidered rugs. All these, together with a collection of vases filled with bright flowers, a large number of wicker chairs, Indian carved wood tables and other tables adorned with pretty covers. All these lent themselves to the adorning of the room, and how I wish you could have seen the large empty hall completely changed into the most fascinating tea-room. We had the tables and chairs arranged in cosy groups here and there near the artistic window seats draped in cretonne or Indian embroidery upon which the bright pillows were placed. The doors and windows were all thrown open and the rear double door opens out upon the most wonderful view of mountains and valley. The servants were all on hand and served from a table on the veranda upon which the hall opens. Fortunately the afternoon was a perfect one, clear sunshiny weather. People kept coming and coming until the room was filled, and they were all most enthusiastic, appreciative guests. They raved about it all and told us again and again what a very, very good time they had.

Several people sang, and then to "cap the climax," MacNamara's Band was forthcoming, the best demonstration ever! It was one of the funniest

things ever seen! All the men gathered on the platform at one end of the room, each one with the most ridiculous burlesque musical instrument. One fellow blew thru a tea-pot representing a cornet, another sawed away with an umbrella on the back of a chair—one had an absurd mandolin, another a “make-believe” flute and so on—I can’t remember them all. But the best of the whole performance was the conductor, and who should it be but Jimmy. He stood with his back to the band, and facing the audience while he sang each verse and then quickly faced the band for the chorus, beating away with a batten while they all screeched and squawked away with their awful instruments. You should have seen him! He jumped from one side of the stage to the other with special energy, exhorting the tea-kettle man, or unexpectedly rapping another on the head suddenly placing his ear next to some other to test his tune, etc., until the whole room was in an uproar of laughter. Everybody thought it extremely funny. I wish I could describe it to you just as it was!

Hardly had the crowd quieted down, the platform vacated, when young Mr. Griffin announced from the platform “We will now introduce you to the chief performer of the afternoon!” And behold, in walked Jimmy with a donkey! Right up on the platform from a rear door, into the midst of that formal gathering! The donkey came in as calmly as though he had been used to it every day, though his ears stood up specially high, whereupon Jimmy forced him to make three dignified bows and out they both went.

The donkey happened to be the “Dhobe’s” donkey, which had been standing near the house for some time, and the fun of escorting him into the party was too much to miss.

We three hostesses were delighted at the success of our party, for all did enjoy it.

Our language study is progressing finely. We can talk quite a little bit. I have great fun narrating incidents, little “stories,” etc., to the “munshi” and also to Dr. Griswold, and I likewise practice on the “dande” coolies.

Tomorrow afternoon we are both invited to tea with Judge Marshall and his wife at “The Criterion,” Mussoorie. This is the first invitation we have had to Mussoorie and I know we shall enjoy the “Criterion,” also the great pleasure of seeing the Marshalls again. They are charming people.

There is quite a chance of our being sent to Allahabad again. They need a teacher of biology in the College, so Jimmy might fill it for a while. Allahabad is a beautiful place and we know all the people so well. Mrs. Ewing, Janviers, Dr. Avery, Col. and Mrs. Hudson, and others. The pretty Jamna River flows past the compound. But dear old Mainpuri we shall miss in many ways and the dear Formans. However, it is not settled yet.

Your long letter concerning Margie’s hope of teaching at Dobbs Ferry came. How wonderful. I hope she will get it and what an interesting summer she has planned. I have received all your letters, I guess. There was a time quite a few months ago that for a space of three weeks I didn’t get any and that was when I wrote you, and then a letter came from you stating that you had not written for some time. I think some must be missing

though, because I had not heard of Dr. Becker's marriage, nor a full account of Miss Nicoli's death, nor the news of Julian's son until very lately. However, the letters have been coming often, and Margie's also.

Tell Father and the boys to write again.

Lots of love,
Shirley.
Landour.

Dear Folks:

I quite miss genuine India, for this is very European up here in the Hills. The only natives we see are the "dande" coolies, servants, "ayahs" and the "munshis," with the exception of the Indians in the Bazaars. I love to go thru the Bazaars. They are so interesting.

I must tell you the story of a "Sadhu" I saw baptized the other day. It was a most impressive occasion. First let me explain what a Sadhu is. A Sadhu is a Hindu who has renounced the whole world, family, money and all, and then goes about begging from place to place, visiting sacred cities, submitting himself to all sorts of tortures, closing his eyes, living in solitude while he meditates upon God, thinking that he will obtain salvation in this way. We occasionally see them walking about. They wear very little clothing, and very often their hair is long and covered with mud. They are also sprinkled with ashes.

Well, this Sadhu was a very unusual one. He was the son of an Indian lawyer, (a Vakil). During the early part of his life his father died and left him 20,000 rupes. This he immediately commenced to spend in luxury. He spent and spent until finally on the verge of poverty, he started out to earn a living. He practiced medicine among the Indians. He was deeply interested in religion, and decided to go to the very depths of Hinduism to see if it could possibly bring him any satisfaction, any solace or peace of mind. He became a Sadhu, renounced his family, and all his interests, and wandered about from place to place. He submitted himself to the torture of suspending his breath. This is a practice of self-sacrifice common to such People. They hold up their breath for hours. He went thru the process of Absorption in the Infinite. That is, he closed his eyes, and shutting himself out from the world entirely tried to become absorbed in the mind of God. All these weird things brought him no comfort at all. He went on tours to all the sacred Hindu cities to bow before shrines or to bathe in the waters of the Ganges, thinking that he would receive salvation by bathing in the holy water of that sacred river. He received no satisfaction from any of these attempts so he decided to go on a pilgrimage to the very source of the Ganges—way back into the "Snows." He had started out upon this journey when he met an Indian Christian who became interested in him and talked with him about being a Christian. The Indian Christian then introduced him to another man and also to Mr. Hallows, the pastor of the Union Church, "Mussoorie." For three years, they worked with him and he finally decided to become a Christian and was consequently baptized last Thursday at the Union Church, Mussoorie.

I walked all the way over and back and would not have missed the occasion for the world. A small gathering of people were present, including a number of Indian Christians. The hymn sung before the ceremony was "O happy day that fixed my choice." The Sadhu (Jaggan Nath) arose

and he himself read the whole story of his life which he had written in Urdu, closing with a conclusion something like this—"I now accept the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour and wish the prayers of all." An interpreter translated the story of his life for us, and it was so wonderfully well told.

It was so affecting after the ceremony to see his Indian men friends go up to him and give him a hearty embrace. They all seemed to be delighted. He came to us Memsahibs and Missahibs to shake hands and "Salaam." He is rather a small man, with a very strong jaw and deep-set dark eyes.

The best part of it is that he is a remarkable man. He can speak Sanscrit, Persian, Urdu and Hindu, can play on all kinds of musical instruments, and since his conversion he has composed some Christian songs or hymns. He was a Punjabi Brahmin, and what a point gained it is to have such a Brahmin converted. It will be wonderful if he will turn all his talents to Evangelizing others.

India is full of just such interesting people, and I know we will never tire of being here. Jimmy is doing well at the language and is much interested.

Write soon.

Affectionably,
Shirley.

Woodstock College,
Landour.

Dear Bangs Family:

How would you like to spend a summer above the clouds and drink soda water right out of the water pipes and go down in the morning carried by four men? I believe that you would enjoy it as much as we do. We have a very nice suite of rooms here at the college and in about 2 weeks hope to start out housekeeping in a small cottage not far from here. We are looking forward to this time with much pleasure.

Faithful Nubi, our servant, is homesick and is longing to get back to his family on the plains. This morning he came with a long face and a longer story about his wife being sick, and 2 of his friends being dead, which is a very sad state of affairs if it is true. Speaking of his wife reminds me of the fact that I have never seen her altho she lives but 50 yards from our home in Mainpuri. A Mohammedan woman is never seen by any men but her own family. She never leaves her small house and is no doubt very happy in her seclusion.

I have been having lots of fun with a pocket flashlight that was sent out from home. I flash it on the coolies and they open their eyes in wonder. There is a one eyed chef that brings hot water to us every night about 9 o'clock, who is much impressed by the lightning box. I put the light on his one eye and it opens with wonder like a saucer. Yesterday we went to Mussoorie and bought some Xmas presents and are sending them home by a returning missionary. It may be that we will be changed from Mainpuri to Kasganj when we return to the plains in September. You can find out about Kasganj from the yellow pamphlet I sent several months ago. It is one of our newer but very important stations. The Pitkins, who were there left for America last week. We will be sorry to leave Mainpuri as that is a delightful place.

Kasganj is on the main line of the railroad not quite so far out of the world as Mainpuri, but if one has plenty to keep him busy, if he lived at the north pole, he would not grow lonely.

Shirley is doing very well with the language and is learning to speak very rapidly. We are both anxious to get to work. She thinks that she wants to open an orphanage or a leper asylum while I suggest that a public bath would be good. Bathing is one of the lost arts among the lower classes of India.

As for health, I have been much better than at home. My hay fever has entirely disappeared. The most dangerous things in India, I have found, are afternoon teas. The only harmless feature is the tea. Indian tea is fine and if not allowed to stand is not harmful.

My kind regards.

As ever,

James.

I will send a money order that can be cashed by the Board at 156 Fifth Ave. Please get something in the line of clothes for Shirley. The many beautiful clothes she had for her trousseau are beginning to wear out.

Woodstock College,

Landour, Mussoorie.

Dear Folks at Home:

Your last letter described the celebration of the glorious Fourth, the picnic, fire works, etc., and brought on a slight feeling of homesickness. This is so much like home here that those feelings do not last long, however. There are several hundreds of Americans here in this part of Landour, and an American Presbyterian Church and Sunday School full of American boys and girls.

Yesterday after rather a weary week of language study we decided to take in the moving picture show, and after a very good meal at an excellent German restaurant (that was), we returned to the School much refreshed in mind and body. That is the first "Movie" I have seen since leaving the Pacific Mail Ship where we had some fine shows.

The weather has been especially dreary this week as it has been raining practically the whole time. Today however we have had no rain so far. The rain makes it very cool and we are wearing heavy clothes all the time and sleeping under two pair of blankets, and even that is not enough for Shirley. It is not the same kind of cold that we have at home but a very damp raw atmosphere. This kind of weather will last about six weeks longer. Then the warm days of fall will set in with dampness in the air and lots of ozone. Then I am going on a hunting trip somewhere in the mountains. I am going to order a Winchester automatic rifle next week.

Last night we were invited to a party at the college and I happened to be the only man in attendance. I cant say that I enjoyed myself immensely. The dearth of males in this community is appalling.

This morning I attended Hindustani Church and was able to understand about half of what the preacher was saying which is somewhat encouraging after studying at the language for many weary weeks without making much apparent progress. But we are getting a grasp of it at last and from now on, the progress will be more rapid. It is a great satisfaction to find oneself understanding scraps of conversation that were perfectly unintelligible a



Sau Higginbottom and his boys -

month or two ago. We will have two more months of language study then we will be assigned to some real missionary work. Where we will live and work, nobody knows as yet, but it will very likely be Mainpuri or Kasganj, and at both of these places there is plenty to be done.

Last week I have been reading Kiplings Kim and find it most interesting. It gives a remarkable picture of this great land and it's people. Let me advise you all to read it, so that when you come to India to visit us you will know something about this land and its people who are so misunderstood.

Lovingly yours,

James Watt. .

Landour.

Dear Mother Bangs:

Your long and interesting letters are looked forward to and read with much pleasure by both of us. We are never disappointed and each week's mail brings us a letter. Very few if any have been lost so don't become discouraged on that score. The two Xmas packages, one from Lancaster and the other from you, we never received, but besides those two I know of no others that were lost. When sending packages it is best to cover them with cloth and sew up the ends. In sending things from here the postal regulations require this method of sealing them. I hope the money I sent you for Shirley's clothes did not go down on the "Arabie" as I hear that there were several thousand bags of mail aboard. I certainly wish that someone would muzzle the German submarines.

We were delighted with the news about Margie and the position at Dobbs Ferry. My what a sport she will be now traveling with the "400" and acting as chaperone to them.

Shirley's anniversary pictures were a great success. This photographer can show Sarony of N. Y., all kinds of pointers on taking pictures.

The other day in the bazaar I bought two nice white wool cashmere rugs, \$1.75 each. They will go toward furnishing our bungalow. We have quite a number of things collected and are going to take a trip to Agra or some of the big cities to buy the rest of our things. The Mission Industrial School at Tategash makes excellent furniture and we will have them make some of the heavier pieces for us.

In your last letter you inquired about what we eat here. Of course we eat exactly the same kind of food you do—potatoes, tomatoes, beans, peas, beets, apples, peaches, oranges, bananas, lettuce, cabbage, grapes, pie, (all kinds), ice cream, cake, (angel's food) chestnuts, walnuts, bread, butter, tea, (the best you ever tasted), all kinds of fine breakfast foods, macaroni, spaghetti, lamb chops, roast beef, beef steak, goat chops, dried beef, ham, bacon, hash, chicken, wild pigeon, venison and game of all sorts. We don't fare badly and have delicious fruits and dishes that New Yorkers never taste such as mangoes, guavas, and all kinds of curries. On this diet we are both becoming as fatted calves.

I haven't heard when Bob leaves America yet but it will no doubt near the end of October. All the new missionaries, some five or six are coming out during September and October, via the Pacific.

I have become quite a parlor entertainer and every time I go out for the evening, I must sing a song. Last night the college people had me singing

most of the evening. I don't understand how they can enjoy it but they seem to.

Our exams are going on now and I hope they will soon be over as they keep us tied to our desks. After the next one here is talk of going back into the mountains to a nice little bungalow and taking a vacation. I want to do some hunting and there is no game here. The one lone bear was shot so monkeys and crows are the only things that remain and they are not considered edible. All the deer have been shot or driven away so the happy hunting grounds are elsewhere.

The rainy season is drawing to a close and now we are having lots of sunny days again. A shower or two every day make an umbrella quite a necessary and constant article of use.

We are about to start for Sunday School so I will close with kindest regards to all my friends and with love to all the family,

Your loving son,
Jimmy.

Midlands Cottage,
Landour, Mussoorie,
August 22, 1915.

My Dear Melville::

Your welcome letter was received some time ago. We certainly were glad to hear from you and what you are doing. When one is so far from home he is interested in all the details of the lives of his friends so don't let the matter of large news prevent you from writing often.

I am a householder at last even tho it is a small house. We moved into the nest last Tuesday and soon Shirley had it very cozy. I think that she is too particular about it as she won't allow me to rest my feet on the table. You see I haven't entirely recovered from my habits of bachelor days altho we have been married almost a year. On Wednesday we will celebrate our first anniversary in some fitting manner. We have not decided yet what it will be. Now Mel, take a bit of advice from your older brother. Don't postpone your wedding ceremony too long. There are plenty of peaches still growing in that part of the town altho I plucked one of the best. I wonder if the coffee business continues to remain good. I hear that business in some places is not quite so brisk as before the war.

We enjoyed Margie's letter very much. She must be having a fine time at Huntington. She says that she wants to come out here and I hope that she may come very soon. In a few months we will be having a home of our own. At the present time we are enjoying sitting at our own table after boarding around from place to place. During the last year we have not been in any one place more than three months and in that period have traveled over 25,000 miles and seen many different lands and peoples. This first year certainly has not lacked variety, change of scene and change of air.

We have a fine cook we discovered when we started to prepare our meals. If your mother had one like him she could sew all day and not bother about anything. We order what we want and he cooks it. Our bill of fare last night, when we had a few guests in, was as follows: Soup, chicken and dumplings, potatoes, tomato salad a la mayonnaise, gelatine and whipped cream, cake and candy. Oh! We don't live so badly here. There is only

one thing we lack—our friends and family. And we are making lots of friends and expect some day to have a family.

I sent last week for a Winchester rifle. This is a new model and shoots five shots in as many seconds. After language school is over I hope to take my vacation in the mountains with my rifle. The bears and deer had better beware then.

This is a very delightful place to spend the summer altho now after being here almost four months we are rather anxious to get back to the plains and to real missionary work. This language study grows very monotonous and at last we are able to talk a little. Our first exam comes this week and the other five will be held between that time and the middle of October. The climate here is delightful with the exception of the rainy season when it is very damp. My hay fever that troubled me so much at home seems to have disappeared. We have both been especially well this summer and are looking forward to a pleasant winter on the plains.

Shirley appeared in public on Tuesday at a benefit concert and leaped into fame by reciting something from John Kendrick Bangs. She made a hit, especially with the English soldiers who crowded the balcony. She has burst forth into print also and very soon you will be reading a glowing article by her in the Mainpuri News. Write soon again.

Your loving brother,

James.

Landour

Dear Mother:

No letter has come from any of you this week tho it may come today for home mail sometimes arrives on Sunday.

I am sure you will be interested to hear about Jimmy's bear hunt.

Monday morning, arrayed in khaki trousers and a belt of cartridges, he started off accompanied by one of the coolies (who carried his eatables, etc.) and an old Shikari native Indian hunter. J. said he might not be home for two or three days. They were gone all that day and night and all the next day, returning Tuesday evening, and what an adventure they had. Starting from here about 11 o'clock they climbed and walked until half past four—first up to the highest point of Landour and then down, down, into the other valley. They walked so far down that it seemed as tho they were approaching the center of the earth. When they reached the lowest part of the valley they discovered a river and Jimmy proceeded to take a nap upon a rock in this river. Not only was it much warmer in that locality, but the bananas were growing quite profusely. At moonlight they all started to look for the bear for according to the Shikari, the bear appeared in the fields to eat the coops at night time. No bear appeared. Suddenly from the dark depths of the mountain side above they hear a voice calling forth something to the point that the bear was up there. They did not go up however. Stretching themselves out in the jungle, they retired for the night but they saw the dark clouds gathering and the first thing they knew a terrific shower was upon them. How it poured! (it was frightful here too). The only thing they they could do was to withdraw into a mud hut—nothing more than a cave. The rain, however, beat down thru the roof into the hut so that J. had to hold an umbrella over his head to keep off the water. What a night it must have been. Well, to make a long story short he climbed home the next day

looking rather weary—and no bear! I forgot to say that Gordon McGaw, a boy about 15 or so went with them and thoroughly enjoyed it—so did the coolie, who spent his time smoking and eating green cucumbers.

This is the second attempt J. has made for the bear, with no success. It was quite a disappointment not to see that bear carried home.

Thursday evening we took dinner with the Harpers, and Mrs. Harper wrote some very cute limericks for place cards which her husband illustrated with pictures of the adventure.

All this week it seems as tho we have seen nothing but the Persian Urdu character. For yesterday afternoon we had to take our examinations in "Rasum i Hind." Two Munshis have been working with us—hours and hours, and we think we passed for the exam. was quite fair. We had to write out a portion of the character in Roman Urdu (that is Urdu words written in our letters). This was to show that we could read the character. Then we had to write the translation into English, then there were several words underlined, the gramatical construction we had to explain. Then there were several English sentences to be translated into Urdu. These were based on the portion translated. This was to prove whether we could really use the words and verbs in a conversational way. You see the whole point is whether we can use the language or not. It would be quite possible to cram up a book like that and yet not be able to talk the language and this latter is the main thing, and fortunately this conversation part is the very thing I am strong in. Jimmy got along well in it too, altho the men as a rule cannot talk as quickly as the women. But he is doing very well and seems much more advanced than some of the men who were in our class, or other parts of the Presbyterian Mission. One man has been out here for three years and he can't pass the language, altho he's a born evangelist and preaches the most beautiful English sermons. He has been going among the Indians with an interpreter. So you see the fact that Jimmy's passing all his exams is quite a point in his favor. We've had five so far. Next thing to be done is the Hindi character and translation. I will take it either at the Annual Meeting or sooner, and J. and I will take it tomorrow.

In Urdu we start at the back of the book and read frontwards, each sentence.

Tuesday we start on our vacation, 18 miles back in the mountains, Daulti. Will write you from there.

Write often.

Lovingly,
Shirley.



James

First summer at
London the
summer we spent
entirely at language study

Sat in
veranda
where we
both studied
together.





Some of the Indian servants.

Every household has the same set of servants - each one of whom does a small amount of labor.

The cook and ayah (child's nurse) are the most useful -



Dear Aunt Emma:

Here we are keeping house in this dear tiny little cottage overlooking a depth of trees down into the valley between the hills and across at the mountains, which look so lone and wierd at night time. I wish you could see our cosy front room which is used as dining room and parlor, the back room being our bed room. Besides these two rooms we have a pantry and bathroom, while the kitchen is in a separate tiny house outside. Our faithful Nabi ("Nabi," Indian servant) is doing bravely, preparing the meals well and doing the necessary marketing.

A week ago I sent home by Mrs. Griswold the Christmas presents I had bought for relatives and friends; and, as all duty is pre-paid, they ought to reach you very safely and quickly—altho Mrs. Griswold is taking the long oriental trip home—so she will be some time on the way.

This week has been a full one for us. Wednesday was our Wedding Anniversary. The monkies opened up the celebration by appearing in quite a crowd before we had risen. They hopped, skipped and jumped over our roof, and from one tree to another, while one penetrating little fellow sat upon a branch peering into our bed room. They are so amusing.

Later in the day we started for Mussoorie. I, in a daude carrying my cap, veil and wedding dress in a suit case. The photographer seemed to understand his business very well, and I think the pictures will be good; so that will be another Christmas surprise for you.

After the visit to the photographers, we had "tea" in a cosy tea room, did some shopping and returned. The day itself was quite different from last year, for you remember what a beautiful day it was!—and this anniversary was in a state of down-pour all morning, and quite drizzly for the rest of the time. It does not seem possible that we have been married a year! Where has the time gone! It seems fairly wierd. I know that wedding was just the other day!, and we have been away from home nearly a year! Just the other day I was giving that farewell "tea" for all my girl friends. It was certainly a great success, for crowds came; and it was much nicer to see them there for the last time than at the station, for that parting was bad enough anyway. I remember how forlorn mother looked that day and how serious all the others looked too. But how the time has flown—and the trip too. Why we were at 'Singapore practically eight months ago, and where the eight months have whisked away, I'm sure I cannot understand.

By the time you receive this letter we shall be at Mainpuri for a few days before Annual Meeting, which is to be held at Allahabad, October 14th-24th. And after that we shall start for our new station, wherever that is to be, and we are talking of doing our housekeeping shopping at Agra, where the Taj Mahal is!

Yesterday we took our first examination—"The Faith of Islam"—"Mohammedanism." We have all been cramming in a huge book this week; and yesterday morning took our exam shortly after seven o'clock

at Dr. Johnson's house, quite a way up the hill. It is very helpful indeed to make a study of Mohammedanism, and to see how inadequate it is compared to Christianity. In studying thoroughly these oriental religions one becomes convinced of their fakeness and realizes perfectly that Christianity is the only "Light of the world" and the reality of the Deity of Christ. How ridiculous Theosophy seems to a person who sees it all from the oriental point of view; and that man—I forget his name—it is something like Bahar (in Persia). Mrs. Taft has his beads and his creed. He is thought to be so wonderful by many people in America. Why he is known to be a wicked man in the east.

Dr. Wherry, our language teacher, has written a book on Mohammedanism, and he told us about him yesterday, so please tell any who are interested in him what sort of a person he is. Aunt Pauline mentioned him, and Uncle Ed too. People ought to come east and see all these ridiculous ideas from the oriental position and they'd soon become convinced of the Truth.

I have stopped writing for a while to attend to some household duties—to set the table for dinner, etc., and after this letter is finished I must get to work to study my Sunday School lesson. We are not leading a lazy life here by any means. There is plenty to do all the time, with our language lessons, our munshis, housekeeping and my Bible classes. I teach an hour Tuesdays and Thursdays a young ladies' Bible class. They are the college girls who are doing practice teaching at Woodstock School. I teach five of them, and we are studying Matthew. And I find that the courses I took at White's Bible School are of great help. In rainy weather we have our class inside. And in clear weather, out of doors under a tree.

The monsoon has not been at all bad this year, altho it has rained considerably; but just at present the sun is trying to shine quite brilliantly.

Isn't the news about Margie, as the Physical Training Teacher at Dobbs Ferry, wonderful! I'm delighted. The friendships she will make there will be such a pleasure to her. They are such lovely girls. Numbers of them go to Northfield each year. The school is so choice. What unusual luck!

In a short time you will receive the copy of "Field Notes," for which I've written two articles. Hope you'll like them.

I wish you could see the brilliant dahlias which grow on these hill sides, also the fern covered tree trunks.

Write soon again.

Lovingly,

S—

A GLIMPSE OF THE HIMALAYAS

From "Mainpuri Field Notes"

The term "Hills" is doubtless familiar to the Home friends of the American resident in India, but the average home letter is too limited for a detailed description of India's fascinating hill country.

As a resident of Landour it is difficult to give an adequate picture of even this small portion of the Himalayas, for the charms are manifold, and one never ceases to be interested from the time one has the novel experience of setting out from Rajpore and riding up hill in a daude.

To say that a daude is like a Sedan chair is not accurate, but imagine the Sedan chair transformed into a sharp-pointed row boat supported by means of horizontal bars upon the shoulders of two coolies at either end, and you have an approximate picture of this unique conveyance.

The trip in a daude from Rajpore to Landour is of ever-changing interest as the traveller goes onward and upward, gazing at the far-away green mountains which steadily draw nearer and now and then glancing backward at the receding hill tops. The coolies rest occasionally, giving the occupant of the daude time to reflect upon the surrounding views, to catch a glimpse of the native hill inhabitants, or to watch the various types of Indians travelling back and forth on the mountain paths.

A pathetic sight is that of the over-burdened coolies who carry huge trunks and cases upon their backs for miles and hours at a time up the steep paths. They pause now and then to gasp and rest wearily beside the road. This is the only means of having baggage carried to one's destination, so the coolies, eager for the meager wages which they receive, willingly undertake the heavy loads. By scrutinizing their faces, one perceives that their foreheads are flattened and deeply furrowed, due to the continual physical strain.

A three or four hours' trip in a daude brings the traveller to this particular part of Landour, which is about 6500 feet above sea level. From this point one has a bird's eye view of the plains of Dehra, and the nearer mountains, the slopes of which are a mass of green trees and foliage of all kinds, which half conceal the many cosy cottages dotted over the mountain sides. After and during the rains, these hills are particularly beautiful, for they become wonderfully green and fresh—the tree trunks covered with lacy ferns, while tiny unexpected blossoms peep out from the green depths beneath the trees and brilliant dahlias, towering over the smaller flowers, nod to the passersby.

At a distance are peak after peak of dull, brown, uninhabited mountains; and, as if lured by the mystery of their unfathomed charms, the fleecy clouds seek rest upon them.

A climb to the highest part of Landour affords a view of the everlasting snows which, though seventy miles away, appear to be quite near. These are indeed a beautiful spectacle, their pure whiteness set off by the darker mountains in the foreground. At times, when

the atmosphere is very clear, one feels drawn by their irresistible fascination, to reach out and touch their glittering peaks.

Directly opposite Landour is the more thickly populated hill station, Mussoorie. After dark the paths and roads of Mussoorie are lighted by electric lighting. Gazing from the summits of Landour across the dividing ravine, one is entranced by the myriad of sparkling lights, which appear as paths of stars ascending and encircling the mountains.

Cut into the sides of all the mountains are many well-made paths called "chakkars." On a walk or ride over one of these paths, one encounters many interesting sights.

Perhaps the most amusing spectacle is that of the frequent host of monkeys or "bandar log" as the Indians call them. These monkeys are of an unusually soft gray color with fluffy white whiskers encircling the face. Often quite a crowd of them will appear together, some jumping to and from the near-by trees, others crouching upon the branches and peering out with a penetrating gaze, while some become bold enough to sit comfortably on the very path. Attracted by a convenient water tank, they will often gather about it in their efforts to quench their thirst.

There have been rumors of an occasional bear, lynx or panther, but these intruders are scarce in the inhabited parts of the hills, and so hardly worth mentioning.

In the early morning it is not uncommon to see a procession of burden-bearing donkeys, adorned with startling blue necklaces from which jingling bells are hung.

Equally interesting are the half-clad coolies, bearing on their backs heavy loads of charcoal, which they carry for long distances over the mountain paths, halting now and then to rest wearily by the side of the path.

At almost any time of day an unexpected swish will usher in to view the Indian grass-cutter. It is rather difficult, however, to see the grass cutter himself, for he is almost completely covered by the huge load of grass which towers above his head, covers his back and trails upon the ground. If you can imagine a man who has entered a barn and then attempted to walk out carrying the hay mow, you have a clear picture of the Indian ghasiyara.

Another frequenter of the mountain path is the dhobi or Indian washerman. In his white turban and coat, he trudges along, carrying his huge bundle of wash, which might be called a community wash, for he some times gets things badly mixed, so that one may find in the returned wash various and sundry articles belonging to other members of the neighborhood. As the dhobi is exceedingly fond of white attire for himself, he does not always resist the temptation to make use of his patron's sheets, and there is a rumor that it is quite possible to walk up hill behind a dhobi and discover one's own name marked upon his coat tails.

A most ~~interesting~~ ^{individual} wayfarer on the mountain "chakkar" is the Fakir or Hindu holy man, attired in a saffron robe, his long hair be-

draggled in mud, or his face painted with ashes, as he pursues his pilgrimage to the very source of the Ganges, where, by bathing in its holy waters, he hopes to obtain salvation.

A somewhat down-hill walk thru the native Landour Bazaar brings one to the European shopping district of Mussoorie. A wide and winding path passes between rows of well-equipped English shops. These shops are not as imposing as the large department stores of a metropolis in America, but they are unusually attractive because of their bungalow structure and plaster constituency.

Here in the shopping district one meets many Americans and English, hustling hither and thither on foot or in rickshaws drawn by two coolies and pushed by four. These rickshaws are not like the Japanese rickshaws, but are heavier and more like small carriages.

Here in the midst of such crowds and conventionalities one can easily forget that he is in far-off India, until he retraces his steps, winding his way upward and over the silent paths to the seclusion, the peace and the restfulness of the sheltering mountains.

S. B. W.

Allahabad, October 19, 1915.

ANNUAL MEETING

Dear Mother:

You will have to excuse this letter in pencil, for I am writing it while in attendance at one of the meetings which are held daily for the purpose of discussing the work for the coming year. Last Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. Forman, J. and I started on the morning train from Mainpuri and made an all day's journey, reaching Allahabad at about 10 o'clock that night. It was a long, hot journey, but we had a comfortable compartment all the way. We stopped at a place called Shikkohabad, where we had quite an Indian breakfast in the waiting room. Mr. Forman bought some delicious Indian "Chapatris" (big cakes, like graham pancakes, served on green leaves). We also had some Indian jalebis (sweet cakes). All this, together with our own sandwiches, etc., constituted our breakfast, after which we rested for several hours and started on our way. We were weary indeed when we at last reached this beautiful compound on the banks of the blue Jainna River, where we were warmly welcomed by all at hand. Mr. and Mrs. Bandy and ourselves were given rooms in Philadelphia Hall—across the campus, but quite comfortable, for we sleep on the veranda.

Well I must tell you first of all the "lay of the land" here. Allahabad is not only one of the most interesting cities of India, but the seat of one of the finest mission compounds in the world. This is the home of the Allahabad Christian College, of which Dr. Janvier is president. The college consists of several remarkably fine large buildings surrounded by a most beautiful spacious campus, overlooking the Jamna. Besides the college buildings and church, are Mrs. Ewing's attractive bungalow adorned with much plant life; the rear open veranda overlooking the river. Then across the campus, outside of the college grounds, is Mrs. Avery's home, also a very pretty bungalow. On the other side of the river, opposite the college buildings, is Higginbottom's attractive home, within walking distance of the seat of their wonderful work—the Leper Colony—also their model farm, the agricultural mission work which they are now doing as well as the leper work.

Before going on to tell about our interesting visit to the lepers, I will give you a general plan of each day's undertaking.

To begin with, there are about sixty missionaries collected here—our whole North India Mission—and they are all lovely people. Some of these are the five Formans: Dr. Henry Forman, Rev. and Mrs. John Forman, the two Misses Forman (very charming cultured women!), Dr. and Mrs. Bandy, who are as full of fun as usual; Dr. Janvier, a most remarkable man, and many others like these, not to mention several nice young couples, including a Harvard graduate and his wife, who have just arrived. Then the unmarried young people, two very attractive young college men, one a professional violinist, the other a fine soloist; then the engaged couple, Evelyn Lucas and Mr. Thompson, who seem very happy. Many of the cunning missionary children are here too, altho they don't attend the meetings, but are having a glorious time together. The children are dear, many of them so pretty, and no child in the world has a better time than the missionary's child!

They are continually having good times, especially in the hills, where they have so many birthday parties that their mothers are compelled to give them frequent doses of castor oil! Well to go on with the program: The meals are all served in Mrs. Janvier's dining room—two very long tables with a third table at the end of the room. The first meal, Chhoti Haziri, is served from 6:30 A. M. to 7:15, then at 7:30 the devotional service starts in this airy room where we now are, one of the college rooms. One of the missionaries, who plays so well on the cornet, adds much to the singing. After the devotional meeting, the work proceeds, the discussion of different topics, definite decisions made, etc. There is a great deal to be talked over, and many exciting discussions take place. This goes on until 10:30 o'clock, when breakfast is served. Then the time is free until 12:30, when we meet again until 3:00 o'clock, when tiffin is served. After that we are free until 6:30, when we meet again until 8:00 o'clock, when dinner is served (ice cream every night!). Our afternoons and evenings after dinner are taken up with various kinds of amusements and recreation. Friday afternoon all the men had a baseball match. Friday evening, an evening of games was planned. Saturday afternoon we had a "tea" given to us by the native Christians, who served us to Indian cakes. Saturday evening we had quite a concert. Mr. Weiser played most beautifully his violin, rendering "O Beautious Night" from The Tales of Hoffman; Mr. Hastings played his cornet; Mrs. Weld sang—her voice is so sweet!—Mrs. Moore played; Mr. Higginbottom and Dr. Edwards performed a funny stunt together. Altogether the evening was a great success. This afternoon, I have drawn up names for the Badminton contest between married and single women, which will take place in a few hours. To-night there is to be a "Stunt" night, and Thursday evening, another concert. My name is down for a recitation. Enclosed is a program which will give you a clearer idea.

Now I must tell you about the Exams! We have finished all. Hurray ! ! Eight Exams! I must tell you about the conversation (oral exam) yesterday afternoon. Mr. Forman and Miss Fullerton were the examiners. They sat together in the room back of Janvier's parlor, while each one of us went in, in turn, to be slaughtered. When it came my turn to go in, Mr. Forman asked me one or two questions, and I answered them rather saucily in Hindustani, whereupon they both laughed. Then Mr. Forman asked me to tell a story. I told the story of Christ walking upon the water, and when I had half finished, they stopped me. It was not necessary to finish, for you see they just want to find out whether one can talk or not. Then they asked a few more questions, and suddenly Miss Fullerton laughed and said: "Mrs. Watt, we know how much you know; go out and ask someone else to come in!" That evening at dinner, I happened to sit near Miss Fullerton, so she turned to Jimmy and said: "Your wife won't have any trouble in talking at all; she can joke in the language!" So you see I have quite a swelled head!

The results of all our examinations have not been publicly announced yet, but we hope to hear either this morning or this afternoon, and then we will be voting members of the mission! Miss Ful-

lerton told us we both passed in conversation, and we have heard on good authority that we have both passed in everything. Isn't that great! It's a wonderful relief. I can now go on and set up housekeeping with a mind at rest.

We do not know yet where we are to be stationed, but I will leave this letter to be continued when we hear.

Wednesday morning—

Last evening, the report of the Location Committee was read, and hurray! Nothing could be better. We are to live at Etah, where there is a "bran" new bungalow being built for us. It will be our own home—nobody else with us—and as it is a medium sized one, we will probably not ever be asked to have any one share it. Isn't that fine! It will be such fun to furnish it. The bungalow will not be completed perhaps until February, but we are going to stay with Mr. and Mrs. McGaw or Mr. and Mrs. Slater until it is completed. Then the work too is splendid. J. is to divide his time between the school and the district work. I will help in the district work; and, as there is a Widows' Home at Etah, I will be very much interested in that too. You need not worry about my opening a Leper Asylum. That would be quite impossible, and there is no opening for it, anyway. We shall start for Etah immediately after the Conference. We shall go to Mainpuris first to pack up and attend to things in general. Our visit to the Leper Colony was most impressive and effecting. Mr. H. escorted a party of us thru the colony, which consists of a series of well made small open brick houses; also a splendid church, made with wire grating windows so as to be cool and comfortable. As we passed by the many lepers living in the houses, Mr. H. would speak to them. Some were quite comfortable, while others were suffering. What pitiful sights they were! We then went to the service in their church. A large number of women were seated at one side of the church (on the floor) and a large number of men on the other side. At the front of the room, where we were, were the "untainted" children, who were indeed happy to see at a distance their untouched parents, who were equally happy to see them. They see each other at the services. How pitiful that they cannot touch each other!

It was lovely to see how happy and interested in the service these poor unfortunates seemed. And with what joy they sang the hymns. Some of them constituted the "orchestra" as they played upon the wierd Indian instruments. Mr. Wiser took his violin to the service and Mr. Hastings, his cornet, both of which added greatly to the music.

Mr. H. and Dr. H. Forman addressed the Lepers in Hindustani.

To change the subject: Why have you not done as I said about the things. I told you to send them with Bobbie! He sails November 6 from San Francisco.

The Formans are much impressed with the amount Jimmy knows on all subjects. He seems to be able to explain everything. It is really remarkable. He understands the whole position of the war, and explains it all so intelligently. He understands birds, animals, all

kinds of business mechanism and transactions. Mrs. Forman once asked me where he ever learned so much. She thinks its wonderful!

The President of Princeton Seminary once told the boys to get all the information possible from other people concerning their particular lines of life; to always inquire and learn from others, and this is what J. has been doing for years. I see that he now has a book on agriculture which he is going to read up so that he will be as familiar with the subject as Mr. Griffin and Higginbottom, who are developing the model farm at Allahabad. I think this a good plan to follow.

(Continued)

Etah

Just a little note to tell you that we are here at Etah in our new quarters. After loading and preparing two camel carts Thursday evening, we started. The camel carts started on before us, so we drove five miles in Moore's "tum tum" before meeting them. We started from Forman's after 9 o'clock at night, and had we been her own children, I don't think Mrs. Forman could have seemed much sadder. She and Mr. Forman both did so want us to stay. Mrs. Forman just begged for us, but the mission decided otherwise. Yesterday the enclosed note came from Mr. Forman telling us that they sat about quite blue and desolate after we left.

You certainly would have been amused to see those funny camel carts in which we travelled all night.

Nabi and his family were in one, while we were in the other. It was a great experience, but the jolting made me very sick, so that I spent the next day in a wretched state.

We are staying, until our house is finished, with Mr. and Mrs. McGaw—very lovely people, and both so good looking. Mrs. McGaw is the sweetest little thing, soft gray hair, gray eyes, beautiful teeth, and pink cheeks. They, too, are such spiritual people, like the Formans, very much the same type and always so sunshiny and amiable. Near by us lives Miss Mary Forman, one of the most charming women I have ever met. Then about a mile away live Mr. and Mrs. Slater, a young couple who have the bungalow right opposite the one which is being put up for us. We all went to Slater's to a tea yesterday afternoon. Several English people were present, and we had a very good time. Refreshments were delicious.

We will get started upon the school work and district work as soon as we can. By school work I do not mean teaching, but J. has been put in charge of the school to oversee it, etc., and I will help in different ways, but not class room teaching. Then there is a great demand for district work. So we will probably get a good deal of experience in that, and that appeals to me strongly.

I have not had a good look at our bungalow yet, but am looking forward to furnishing it and keeping house in it.

Will write again soon.

Love,

S—

Dear Mother:

I sent you this week a registered parcel containing six square embroidered doilies, luncheon size, and a larger sized one. They will make a nice little set when you invite two people to lunch with you. I had the embroidery done in Calcutta, and it is very well done I think. Hope you will like them. Enclosed is a money order to pay for the duty they may charge; so be sure to send to the post office for them. Am sorry I did not get them off in time for Christmas.

Have been feeling very well for the last few days. Our horse has come, and tho our "gari" is still at Fategarh, where it is getting rubber tires, there is another cart here which we can use; so I drove to one of the zenanas this morning and visited a very ambitious Mohammedan woman who reads the Gospel very well and explains what she reads; also reads English. She is so anxious to learn. These visits are very interesting, and it's a great pleasure to help these women. To-morrow, Mrs. Paulus, an Indian Christian woman, will go with me, and we will make several visits. I will describe the women and what they do more fully each time I write. The Mohamedan women wear long pointed pajamas, "chaddars" over their heads, many pretty silver ear rings, and also nose ornaments.

This evening Mrs. Ezekill, an Indian woman who used to live at Mainpuri, came to call on me. She is a "compounder" at a hospital near by. Very nice little thing. She asked me to go to see a sick Mohammedan woman, so we drove over late this afternoon, and found the sick woman to be only seventeen. Her baby had died, and she was suffering from some internal trouble. We visited for quite a while.

Our other work consists of caring for the little boys of the Mission School (Jimmy's school). I bought them some warm shirts yesterday, and the darzi is busy making some red flannel outside shirts. The little boys meet here themselves twice a week to mend their clothes and sew new clothes. You would be surprised to see how well they do it. They also come here Sunday afternoons for Christian Endeavor. They are cute little fellows and so good. We have succeeded in getting our good munshi from the Hills to come to Etah, so we will soon commence some more language work. You can see our days are busy ones. The housekeeping is going along nicely. We have ordered all necessary utensils (we had a great many but we didn't have some), and also sent away quite a big food order to Lucknow for "extras," ketchup, preserves, Boston baked beans, flavorings, gelatine, sugar, etc., etc., etc. You see we don't have grocery stores here like those at home. The servant has to do all the marketing in the native bazaar, where he gets very good meat, vegetables, etc.; but we have to send away for the extras. We can get sugar and quite a number of the accessories, but they're not as good as those ordered. Nabi makes the butter—white butter. We can also get plenty of eggs.

We have three servants for ourselves: 1, Nabi, the cook; 2, the sweeper, who takes care of bathroom, sweeping and dusting. You see we don't have sanitary plumbing, which of course makes the sweeper indispensable; 3, the Syce, coachman, who takes care of the horse and

gari. If you were here you would see how necessary these servants are and also how good they are—always know their place and so willing. The Dhobi is an outside man who comes once a week for the wash. I have to count it out and keep a list and then check it off when he brings it back. We have chhoti haziri served in our room about 7:30—tea and toast. I am just eating fruit now-a-days for chhoti haziri. Then we have breakfast about 10 or 10:30. J. goes over to his school between chhoti haziri and breakfast, and I start out to the zenanas after breakfast, getting back some time before tiffin so I can take a nap before tiffins at 2:00 or 2:30. Wednesday afternoon we go to prayer meeting at the Indian Christian Church (same as school building). Monday all of us (missionaries) meet at one of the bungalows (each missionary takes a turn at entertaining the rest) for a station prayer meeting. We discuss all the work—each member's work—and then pray for it. These are usually very enjoyable occasions, because of the little "dinner party" we have together. Mrs. Slater's is always quite elaborate, for she's fond of making delicacies.

(Nabi is ringing our Japanese gong, so we must go for dinner.)
To proceed—

Two afternoons a week, as I said, the boys come to sew. The late part of our afternoons are taken up with recreation of various sorts, very often tennis and tea at the Chief Magistrate's. He has a very pretty lawn and garden, and his wife is a very entertaining young English woman (really an Eurasian to some extent.) Then, as Miss Forman and two young lady missionaries live next door, we very often go there to dinner, tea or breakfast as the case may be. You would rave about Miss Forman. I've never met a more charming, cultured woman. She's dear and so entertaining.

The Slaters live about a mile away, opposite the new bungalow which is going up. They are a very nice young couple with a cunning baby boy. Did I tell you that we may live in Slater's house and they go into the new bungalow? In fact it will probably be this way; but their bungalow is very cosily arranged, and I'm sure we can fix it up very attractively. In some ways it is nicer than the new one, and for one thing, the grounds are nicely laid out.

We have a cosy little dining room here. Of course I haven't spent much time fixing up these rooms for so short a time, but our dining room is very "cute" with a number of our silver and cut glass things and pretty dishes. Our best silver things are put away, and we are using just a small number of knives, forks, spoons, etc., because we don't want everything out and used before our real housekeeping commences. We are using our Jap. table cloths, which look very attractive with our things. Our table is quite tiny, just big enough for two; but we have bought a huge round one, which we will use in our new home.

I may give you an order to go to the board for some money to buy a quantity of cretonne for me, but then it takes such a long time to get it out here that I should be tired waiting for it.

Lovingly,

S—

SEWING BEES

What a merry crowd—just see those busy bees!
Etah Boarding boys can sew—With the greatest ease
Sewing seams and making hems, patches here and there
Sewing on some buttons, or mending up a tear.
Though their clothes are very old and very badly torn,
Our boys can mend them nicely, so they can be worn.
Thus they sew together, stitches neat and swift,
Sowing seeds of carefulness, sowing seeds of thrift,
Sowing seeds of friendship in happy groups or pairs;
Great will be the harvest, and few will be the tares!

S. B. W.

Etah, U. P.

Dear Bangs Family:

I am afraid that I have not written as often as I should, but Shirley writes so well and gives all particulars that I feel it is quite useless to try to add anything.

The Xmas boxes have started to arrive. Aunt Emma's came yesterday, and I was summoned to the Post Office to have the customs duty levied. I had to open all of the larger packages before the whole force of clerks, and, in doing so, explained our Xmas customs. I held up the big red stocking that was in the box and that has made its second trip out to us, and explained how we put our presents in the stocking that is hung by the fireside, and told them all the rest. These people are very much interested in all kinds of religious customs, because that is what religion means to them. It is not a matter of belief with them but of custom and dress. For example the Hindu women wear skirts and the Mohammedan women, trousers. Hindu men wear a small tuft of hair on the top of their head. Mohammedan men wear beards. So it is all thru. Often these people say: "If we become Christian, what kind of food must we eat, and must we wear clothes like yours?" If they saw some of the extreme styles of women's attire in gay Gotham and elsewhere, I wouldn't blame them for saying, nixi! These people, like many at home, fail to see that Christ's teachings go beyond the dress, to the heart. Religion is not a matter of a long face and a black coat, but a loving heart for God and man.

You should see Mrs. Jimmy Watt every morning go driving down the grand trunk road. All vehicles make way for her. This is the picture: A high wheeled cart and a bay mare. On the seat guiding the ship of state is a very stunning looking young woman. Beside her, one or two women. On the rear seat, one or two more women with an occasional baby flung in. Clinging to another portion of this strange vehicle, the coachman. The mare being a very sensible creature trots along steadily, and should her driver, engrossed in an animated conversation with the occupants of the rig, turn her toward a wall, she, very sensibly comes to a stop and awaits the conclusion of the argument. Traffic regulations! There are none on this road. Why should there be? No one is in a hurry. Turn to the right or the left as you please. If you become tired or the sun is hot, lie down under one of the beautiful

trees on the side of the road and sleep. If you are hungry, open your little bag and eat. You will not be lonely, the crows and stray dogs will keep you company and beg for a crumb.

Some of you busy New Yorkers should come to India if you really want to live. No rush, no fuss, no slam, no bang, no hurry, no flurry. All things must be done decently and in order. Early to bed, 9:30 usually. Early to rise. No drug store around the corner, where we can buy ice cream that never saw the inside of a creamery, or candy made of glucose or acids, to burn out the lining of one's stomach. No mid-night suppers after the theatre, no great white ways, no Fifth Avenue, no subways, no elevated. And strange to say we don't miss all these things. They are not necessities but mere embellishments that man has tacked on the back of nature, and in doing so has not improved much on her, or made himself much more happy. But such is life and no doubt we all think, "You in your little corner and I in mine."

Sincerely,

J. W—

DESCRIPTION OF BUNGALOW

(First Part of Letter Missing)

... .. You do not see these durries or rugs in America either. They are so pretty. We have ordered a green durrie, heavy woven material, plain dark green border, with lighter green centre. Then we have some very heavy wicker furniture, several chairs and a settee. For all of these I had cushions made (the darzi stitched them and I stuffed them) of the enclosed red and green cretonne. It is beautiful on the wicker furniture. There are two doors, one opening into bed room, the other into dining room. At these are to be the curtains made of this dark green burlap with wide bands of the cretonne. Besides these doors is the large double glass door opening on veranda. For this I have curtain pole and brackets and large curtain of the burlap and cretonne like this:

The proportions of this are not very good, but I guess you know what sort of curtains I mean. They use them so much in India, and they are so pretty. Then there is a window seat window and another door opening out upon veranda. At both of these I have curtains like the above made of dotted white muslin and white ruffles. You see we don't have heavy things like lace curtains, etc., for these bungalows. For the window seat, we have green burlap and a pillow of cretonne and burlap. We have stacks of pretty pictures, Chinese tapestries, Cloisonnee vases, brass vases, the two jardinières (for palm and fern plants) you sent. So you can get an idea of how it will all look when put together (very beautiful color combinations).

The next room is our bed room. The wall is done in pale yellow, a deep cream colour. The pink rose cretonne enclosed is for this. There are two of the large glass doors opening out upon veranda. At each of these are to be white mull mull curtains, like the drawing, with wide bands of the pink rose cretonne. They are so pretty. Then at the doors (five in all) are to be curtains of the cretonne—solid cre-

tonne. The furniture has all been painted white, tho it needs another coat still. A white painted wicker chair has cushions of the cretonne and a shirt waist box is covered with a very pretty ruffled cover of it (mixed with unbleached muslin). This is such a pretty combination. We are to have some bed spreads made of the unbleached muslin bordered with the pink rose cretonne, and I already have ruffled pillow covers of the cretonne. They look so pretty with the white charpais. The bureau covers are of the same, that is: unbleached muslin bordered with bands of cretonne. On the floor is the heavy matting, and we also have some small durries embroidered in old rose colors. I have framed and fixed over so many pictures, photos, etc., and I know the room will look lovely. I have some old rose candle shades for china candle sticks to stand upon the bureaux. Then there will be vases for flowers, etc.

Next to this room is the guest room. For this I have used the blue Jap. cretonne enclosed. For the three doors, curtains of unbleached muslin with wide bands of this blue crepe cretonne. The bed spread is the same— unbleached muslin with border all around the bottom of this cretonne. The pillow cover (attached to the back of charpai to be thrown over the pillow) is a square of the unbleached muslin bordered by the blue cretonne. Then there is the large glass door opening out on back veranda. For this I have large curtains (like drawing) of white mull mull with borders of the Jap. cretonne. These are quite stunning. In fact this blue cretonne with the unbleached muslin and white mull mull is a lovely combination with pale yellow wall. There is a white dressing table cover of the unbleached muslin bordered with cretonne, and a chair with cushions of the cretonne. We have pictures, kokimonos, etc., for this room, and I think yellow nasturtiums will look so pretty in vases. We have some cream and gold candle sticks. I think I will use one in this room with blue or yellow shade.

The next room (back of the drawing room) is the dining room. This room has a plain white wall with large curtains (like drawing) of this delph blue flowered cretonne, white borders, and at two other doors, smaller curtains of same with white borders. The cretonne is beautiful. We have lots of blue dishes for wall, etc., silver, cut glass, pictures, Chinesc things, etc. The room will be so attractive. We have a large round dark dining room table and chairs with leather seats (latter made in Allehbad). The floor will be covered with the heavy matting and a large delph blue durrie over this. Colors match cretonne.

There are two more rooms, one a small room off our bed room. This has a pale green wall and will be sort of a little "tea room." I have some extra chairs, desk etc., and some of the bright things we may not be able to use in other rooms. I wish you could see the Chinese embroideries we have. The other room is the "dafta," Jimmy's big office room. I have not much to say about this. He does not want any fuss made over it. He has a large splendid looking desk, polished, with green felt top and rows of drawers on each side. We have a stack of college banners, and I suppose those will go in the dafta; also

pictures, chairs, etc. This room is sort of a public thoroughfare in each missionary's house. The Indians come in to talk things over, and the room is usually littered with books, papers, etc.

There are three bath rooms, kitchen, pantry, store room, large front veranda, small back veranda, and a side veranda (on the side toward boarding school.)

The house is this shape, that is the veranda meeting in an angle, with front door at angle and steps. Will send picture. The house is made of brick, but we will have it whitewashed in fall after rains. I think the pure white will look better with our plants on veranda. Have not ordered them yet, but will have a large number. There is considerable ground about the house and quite a lengthy driveway leading to it; also trees and bushes. Just now all is parched and dry, but what a transformation will take place when the rains come upon us. The new bungalow next door, which we thought was to be ours, is very nice, but practically in the midst of a desert! Not a tree or bush and naught but barren land, so I think we have the advantage in that way, and our bungalow is much cosier. I am so anxious to get at it to have it settled before going to Hills. But by the time you get this letter I will be leaving for Hills, the middle of April. It seems rather aggravating to be in it such a short time before leaving, not to return till fall. I wish you could see the trouble I have to go to to avoid the white ants! You've no idea what a pest they are! They come right thru the wall and eat up the pictures—eat holes right thru them! Mrs. Ewing told me of some sort of poison to get in the Bazaar to mix with paste and then cover the backs. The paste was prepared yesterday, so to-morrow I will take a few hours to go over the backs of all pictures and even the tapestries, kokimonos, etc. I hope this will be a preventative. They had already started to eat one of our wedding present pictures—one of the prettiest—but I saved it in time by taking it all apart, and the paste I hope will prevent further damage.

I certainly feel that I've accomplished a great deal getting together all these curtains, curtain poles, durries, mattings, etc. It took a lot of time to measure for cretonne, order and cut out curtains. Have had so much to see to, but everything has come out finely; and, with Mongli's and Nabi's help, we ought to get settled very soon. Mongli can hang all the pictures for me if I tell him how.

Hot weather is coming upon us. It is now like our June weather at home, very pleasant and bearable, but in April it will commence to get uncomfortable. We are sleeping out on the veranda once more. Nabi and Siwan Swigh have donned their white clothes: white turbans, long white coats and some sort of baggy white trousers (bare legs). They look so fresh and cool.

Nabi's latest accomplishment is cream tomato soup. He is certainly a born cook. The quarters are so crowded here for cooking that I have not had much incentive to learn how; but in the bungalow, where there is more room, I will have to try it. Nabi makes delicious deserts, salads and, of course, all plain cooking and bread, but he can't make cake. So I will have to begin on that and teach him how. Laura sent me a wonderful cook book for Christmas.

Well there is no more news to tell. Am very well and strong all the time. I will go Zenana visiting every other day.

It will be nice to be next door to the Slaters. She is just my age and a very nice girl. I will get her to teach me to cook. She has had special courses in that line and is wonderful at it.

I shall be sorry to miss the sight of this beautiful garden at the side of this bungalow. (We are to be a mile away from this bungalow.) It is now simply a glare of massive holly hocks, brilliant reds and vivid pinks, 12 or 15 feet high, not to mention sweet peas and other beautiful flowers. We have had for some time the most delicious peas, also tomatoes. The garden is eighty or more feet square. We are going to have one started over at the bungalow. A servant called the mali does the gardening.

Lovingly,

S—

Etah

Dear Mother:

Thank you for the lovely envelope of lace and hand embroideries. I have already planned out the latter for several little dresses. It is all beautiful. I bought some fine lawn in the bazaar to make up into little dresses and will use the embroidery on it.

Am sending Margie a long letter which contains nearly all the news of the week except the news of the dinner last night. Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett (the Chief Magistrate and his wife) came to dinner. We are the only missionaries of the station who have entertained them at dinner. Mrs. Fawcett came in a red satin long train evening dress—low neck—the waist and part of skirt covered with black lace. She wore becoming ear-rings and looked very stunning. She's so pretty—dark hair, gray eyes and olive complexion—very pretty features. Mr. Fawcett is very good looking, quite a blonde, and a very nice man, so kind and thoughtful of everybody. They are both so friendly toward the missionaries. Before they came Mrs. Slater told me that they had eleven course dinners at their house! (Slaters had dined with them). This seemed rather startling. However, we managed to have seven:

Clear Soup

Salmon

Roast Chicken Dressing

Crcamed Onions Vegetable Marrow

Salad: Fruit and Nut Salad

Macaroni with Cheese

(This was Nabi's idea, serving this as a separate course, but it seemed to go very well that way.)

Banana Ice Cream

Salted Peanuts Walnuts Cocoonut Candy

(Nabi makes this latter into little pink squares, delicious. After dinner, Coffee in our little drawing room and cigars. J. W.

Notice the salmon and ice cream! But we didn't get ptomaine poisoning.

The table looked so pretty. Our prettiest lace centre-piece,

in the centre a point painted doily (you haven't seen them; a friend of Jimmy's sent us one-half dozen beautiful ones from England.) Upon this stood the cut glass vase containing pink oleander. Then we had 4 silver candle sticks, 2 with pink shades, 2 with green. Besides the centre vase, 2 little silver loving cups containing pink oleander. In between candle sticks and little vases the bonbon dishes containing candy and nuts. I had 4 of the point painted doilies, also either under candle sticks or dishes or vases. The table looked so pretty, and all our new dishes too. I set the table; I always do that for company. The table looks very much the same just for ourselves every evening, except that I don't use as many things in the centre. We have only two candle sticks for ourselves sometimes, tho a great many time we use four. We have the flowers in the 3 vases, and the centre piece but not the point paint doilies and bonbon dishes.

Early in the morning Nabi came to me and wanted to know how many courses. He already knew he was to have chicken, so he suggested fish and I agreed to it. And of course salad. Then later I mentioned macaroni and cheese, nuts and cocoanut candy. He got the chicken from Slaters. (We have to buy it from them.) He went shopping for the rest in the bazaar and that was the last of it until I set the table and saw that everything was dusted in the dining room. Fawcett's servant came with them, and did the serving while Nabi stayed in the kitchen. This is the custom in India. I shall enjoy having the dress you sent. Have a lovely hat to go with it, an old one I trimmed over. Black velvet crown, brim covered with black lace, light blue ribbon lying softly about the brim and a pink rose in the midst of this toward the side. Its really a very pretty hat, and looks as tho it were made for the dress.

I am still doing some Zenana visiting. Yesterday I visited some interesting Mohammedan women. Started early about 8 o'clock and got back in time for breakfast. The mornings are so cool, but after breakfast we begin to feel tired out and sleepy. I always carry my boracic acid and protargal for doctoring eyes. They are grateful for this. I am telling the story of the raising of the widow's son and giving a little talk about it. I have quite a store of stories on hand now that I can tell quite fluently. When I have told all I know to all the women I know, then I prepare a new one, and so keep going. They always seem interested. When I start to go, they say "Baitho, baitho!" (sit down, sit down!) About all they seem interested in is marriage and children. They ask if I'm married, and if I have any children. Yesterday some wanted to know how much it cost to come from America and how much salary I got! They looked at my engagement ring and wedding ring, and I explained to them why they were given, etc. They love to ask questions and seem much interested in every detail. I don't see how they stand it, staying within those four walls of the Zenana courtyard. They never seem to exercise. When they cook their Hindustani food, they sit down on the floor and do it in such a lack-a-daisical way. The rest of the time they are sitting up on charpais holding their babies. Some of them do very interesting hand work in queer bright worsted. They are always proud of showing this.

We give out books whenever they want to learn to read, and one of the Bible women teaches them. (I don't do anything like teaching of reading. I turned that over to one of the Bible women.)

Besides this work, I have charge of the little boys' Christian Endeavor. They meet here on the veranda Sunday afternoon. I have them learn psalms and Bible verses, for which they receive prizes of hymn books and gospels, the youngest ones receiving balls.

No more to-night. It's getting late. Have a lot to do getting ready for Hills, this week. Leave a week from to-morrow, not to return till September perhaps.

Bobby, the Moores, Mrs. Fawcett, McGaws and Miss F. all admire our pretty house.

Lovingly,

S—

Dear Mother:

Landoun

It is simply glorious up here in the mountains. I cannot tell you how much better I like it than I did down at that college. This is like living in the Adirondacks at home. And this cottage is so near so many other cottages—a little bit below or above—which means that we don't have to take the dreadful climb to get anywhere. This is a double cottage. Here is the plan. The Lucases are to be in one side, completely shut off from our side. I am here first, so I picked the side overlooking valley and mountains.

This is just a rough plan, and does not give you any idea of the pretty shape, gables, etc., of the cottage. The living room is like a sun parlor—glass panes. It will look cosy with college banners, tiger rug, etc.

Yesterday afternoon all the missionaries had a picnic at a point near a house called Children's Lodge. They were all the nicest crowd, including some new young folks who have come out this year. Really unusually nice attractive people. Mrs. McGaw is staying a little below us at Hamilton House. She is just as lovely as she was when we lived with them on the plains—beautiful teeth and complexion, tho her hair is soft gray. She gets me to trim her hats for her! I am going there to spend the day and night to-morrow.

Friday evening and all day yesterday (except for picnic, etc.) I was busy cutting out and arranging trimming for seven little baby dresses and one petticoat. I have lots of other things nearly finished. Am delighted with all the hand embroidery you sent. Every dress, nearly, has it on for yokes, etc. I am making two little caps out of hand embroidered "tea" napkins (two extra odd ones). This is done by folding a certain way, and they are so pretty.

The wash in India is no trouble. The dhobe comes every week to take away the soiled clothes and brings back the clean ones. They do them very satisfactorily. There is a servants' house down below, where Nabi sleeps. There is a chankidar (watchman) for this

house and "The Firs," probably for the cottage behind us too. We also all have the same sweeper, a perfect sketch. He's such a nice old thing. Goes around beaming all the time and keeps the house so clean. He was so tickled because I gave him some old jharons for my work. You see Nabi has nothing to do but get the meals and go to the bazaar for provisions. The bread merchant, cake merchant, egg wala (wala means merchant, or one who does like the "er" we put on the end of our words in English), milk wala, embroidery wala, etc., all come to the door. They keep books, and we write in it what we buy and settle at the end of the month. But of course I have to take to the hisab (bill) for bazaar carefully in a book, look over what he brings and glance at prices, etc., to see that he doesn't cheat. He does not seem to cheat at all, but he gets a "rake off" from the merchants in bazaar. This is the way they do: They get the merchants to pay them a little commission for buying at their stores. I will engage an "ayah" of course. Hope I will succeed in getting a good one.

Lovingly,

S—

Landour

Dear Mother:

A week has elapsed since I wrote the last letter, but will send these both together. Yesterday the cushion pieces came. They will come in very nicely for Dafta pillows, and Jimmy will be so pleased when they are made up. Jimmy and Bobby will be here Tuesday. I will be so glad to see Jimmy again. Bobby is to live in a kitchen! Think of immaculate Bobby living in a kitchen, but that is not as dreadful as it seems, for the kitchen is a cosy tiny house on the hill-side. It is nicely whitewashed without and within, has two rooms, one a bath, the other sleeping room. Also a veranda. So he will be quite comfortable, and he is to board with Mrs. Hezlep.

We have the choicest crowd here. In the cottage next door ("The Firs") are the Maurys, the young couple from Cambridge—he a Harvard man, and she a Radcliffe girl. He talks and acts so much like Whitman Bailey, tho he's very dark. I like them both so much. Also in that cottage are the Henry Formans. They arrived yesterday. I like the bride more and more. She's charming, so refined and attractive and a perfect girl. It seems so funny to see her with that gray-headed man as her husband. But he's great, so lively and full of fun. He's going to teach in the language school which opens to-morrow. All the young missionaries will flock to it for two hours or so a day. Then they will work with their munshis besides. I am not going yet. Later on, tho, I might find time to attend some of the classes even if I don't spend much time on outside study. How glad I am that I worked so hard last summer and passed all the first year's exams. A missionary's wife is not compelled to do any more than that. In fact if she didn't do that nothing would be done about it, but it is indeed necessary to have a good grip of the language, especially if one is to be at all interested in the work.

Well the time is drawing near, and we are delighted at the

prospect. By the time you receive this you will have received the good cable news of the arrival of little "Dorothy." That is the name I've picked out should it be a girl. Have not decided upon any boy's name yet.

I am still sewing and hope to have things about completed by the end of this week. I have quite a lot ready now. Mrs. Lcase, who lives near by, has kindly lent me her hand sewing machine. It works wonderfully and I must get one like it. Those little pieces of embroidery came in beautifully. I am going to have my dhobe come here for a day to wash and iron the dresses to bleach out the embroideries, etc. If he comes here then I won't feel that they've been near any diseased clothes.

Dr. and Mrs. Lucas have arrived, so the house does not seem so solitary, altho they are completely shut off from us. I had them here with Mrs. Hezlep to dinner, the first night after they arrived. They are lovely people.

We have had two big picnics and there is to be a third Wednesday afternoon at a place called Fairy Glen.

A long letter from Margie came this week. She had enclosed a number of snap shots. I was so glad to see them. Isn't Stanley's new position splendid! His card looks very important.

Aunt Emma wrote me that she had not heard the news about me until March 23. You must be distant.

A letter from Nathalie this week. She has been having a busy winter and has been taking a course under Miss Palmer at White's Bible School! She is also treasurer of the Northfield League, and Alma Adams, president. Aren't they celebrities. Nathalie said she herself attended the midwinter conference at Northfield. She has been doing all sorts of wonderful things. It is nice for her to get so much pleasure in that way.

So you have joined an afternoon Bible class at Mrs. Hodson's. Isn't that fine. It must be very interesting. Who is leading it? If you tell me what course it is or what book of the Bible you are reading, I could send you some little commentaries or books containing notes on it so you could use them.

Marguerite Underhill wrote me such a nice letter, very original and clever. Theda sends me such beautiful cards (at holiday times) and such lovely letters. Have you seen any of those girls lately?—the list I sent you. Be sure to keep in touch with them.

No more news now. Write soon and often.

Lovingly,

S—

Landour 11

Dear Mother:

The article in the Evening Sun was very interesting, but not all true. When he says life in India is like a sweet song—that is true. I think the life is ideal here; but when he says that the Hindu women's lives are complete and that missionaries have little to contribute this

is not so. I don't see how he can think that people who live day after day shut up within the four walls of a zenana, with no opportunity for learning to read, write or become educated in any way—I don't see how he can think they have much chance for self development. Of course, in spite of this, they do seem happy tho, and they are always so picturesque and cheerful as they sit upon their charpais or crouch upon the floor cooking their meals, but they don't realize what they miss. He is right when he says we can teach them baby culture, for the little babies' eyes are in the filthiest condition, also their noses. The women's lives do seem very peaceful and undisturbed and I have heard that they are reigning sovereigns in their own homes. I feel quite privileged to have penetrated into these homes and to have had the opportunity of meeting these interesting characters. Some are really wonderful. There is one beautiful Kashmiri woman I visit. She is the wife of the "Tahsildar" (sort of a sheriff). She is much younger than he, is a staunch Mohammedan and well educated. She busies herself editing a Mohammedan magazine. Then I visit the wives of several Indian men who hold quite high positions in Etah. Jimmy meets these men at the club, where he plays tennis with them, but of course their wives are never seen by the public. Doesn't it seem queer. Many of the women are so pretty and their brilliant clothes become them so. India is certainly a delightful and happy country in which to live, but that does not say that the people are not in need of enlightenment. Then think of what the missionaries mean to the outcaste tribes—the untouchables—to which class our good sweeper Mongli belongs. These people become Christians, are educated in our mission schools and colleges, and before long many of them are as cultured, ~~and as fine~~ and as fine characters as the missionaries who have helped to give them this lift. Here is our 'munshi,' a very bright ~~young~~ young man, speaks English splendidly and an earnest Christian worker for the mission—and he is from the "Sweeper" caste!

You seem so surprised always to find that we can get respectable things in India. You must remember that this country is under the control of England. In all the large towns are splendidly equipped English stores. Here at Mussorrie we have excellent stores, including a beautiful jewelry store, where they now have a 1000 rupee suit case for sale—a most elaborate thing, all fitted out in silver. Who would want to pay \$330 for a suit case! Isn't it ridiculous. The photography places are also very good; excellent drug stores, dry goods stores, etc. And these are to be found in all large towns. We who live in the jungle at Etah have to send for many things. We really are in the wilds, twenty miles from the station and surrounded by miles of uninhabited country, save for the little Indian mud villages. I simply love India. Have no desire to live any where else. We are both perfectly comfortable and contented here.

You ought to see what a systematic housekeeper I've grown to be! I have a little book called "Household," and in this I write down every item everything I owe—all the bazaar things which Nabi buys, the dhobis list, the servants' salaries, etc. Nabi is as good a cook as ever. He now makes the most delicious cream tomato soup.

We have had a new coat made for him, and he looks quite imposing in it. Mongli and Juian Singh and the new Sais are down the Plains, having a glorious vacation, I suppose. Instead of discharging Juian Singh, we made him Chankidar (watchman) and made the grass-cutter our Sais (horseman). If the last pictures J. took are good, you will receive them soon. I am delighted with all the snapshots you send me—all have come—of Margie, the boys, you and father, the Dobbs Ferry ones and all—they are so good—are pinned up over my desk here. This is such a cosy little cottage and so many beautiful walks be taken in all directions.

Please don't keep saying your letters don't reach me. They all come very regularly, and you mention all the things I ask about. The reason I asked so often about the Vogel wedding was that you just said a few words about it each time, and I thought Mrs. MacDougal might have described it to you in detail, bride's maids, etc. I am sending something for Bea Wellwood's linen shower, tho it will reach Allie MacGuire long after she has given the shower, I fear. I also am sending Aunt Isabel a piece of Kashmiri embroidery and will write her a long letter too. Please tell her that I wrote her a letter last summer, which I don't think she ever received, and I also wrote Aunt Pauline one at the same time, and from the way she writes I don't think she received hers. They may have gone down on the "Arabic."

Won't it be fine for Margie to take horseback lessons. Am glad Melville and Stanley are doing so well in business.

By the way, Mrs. Watt says she has never seen the ring! Didn't you send it to her? I told you to, and she is going to see what she can do with it. Be sure to send it to her.

I wish I could see the house in its new coat of paint, with its cushioned chairs and hammock. How lovely it must look. Have you had any papering done since I left? If so tell me the colors of the rooms.

Am feeling very well. You look quite fat in your pictures. Am glad you sleep well. You'd better not commence on another scw-ing tear. Do you still attend the class at Mrs. Hodson's. It must be interesting.

Dr. Woodard is only a short walk from me. But what is the use of all this information to you now, for you will have had the news by the time you receive this letter. Will see that you get the "cable."

Lots of love,

S—

(James Douglas was born May 22, 1916)

Thursday

P. S.: Three cheers! The little baby is here all safe and sound! I finished the letter to you Sunday evening, and Monday afternoon at twenty minutes of three little Jimmy, Jr., was born. I am simply crazy about him, never saw anything cuter. He has black hair all over his head and such a cute little face. I wish you could see how very cunning he is. He shows every sign of being very strong and healthy in

every way, and he's so good. When he cries, he cries with a vengeance, but only when he's hungry. He sleeps or lies peacefully all the rest of the time. He can stretch his hands way up over his head. The nurse said this was a sign of strength. He weighs seven pounds. He's so cunning that I just want to look at him and pet him all day long. His hands and feet are so cute, and he makes such cunning faces.

Everything went off finely for me.

Sunday, May 28, 1916.

Laudauer

Dear Mother:

By this time you have received the good cable news and are quite happy I suppose. From all the letters you have written, I should judge that you have been very anxious and worried for a long time. That is too bad, for there was no need for it, considering how well I have been and how finely everything has passed off. So don't worry next time. Dr. Woodard came in yesterday morning and showed me the letter you had written her. I was afraid she would not like it; but she seemed quite pleased over it and thought it perfectly natural of you to be anxious. "Little Jimmy" is sleeping quietly in his pink bed next to mine. He is so good, tho he can make quite a noise when hungry. He grows cuter every day, such a sweet little face. Yesterday afternoon he was lying on the pillow next to my head, fast asleep, his little hands and arms stretched out so cutely. Several people came in to see him and thought he looked so cunning. We are both crazy over him. James takes him out in his basket and shows him to people—so proudly.

I will reply to the letter you wrote Easter Sunday. It reached me Thursday or Friday. Very quick mails now; just a day or so over the month. That ride in the "dark gari" (mail wagon), which has troubled you so, is over a flat level road all the way. You see there are no hills on the Plains. Consequently the made roads are even and smooth.

I think the house (25-27) must look lovely! I always liked that green and white combination so much—and the red canna, also geraniums with red cushions must be pretty.

I have a splendid nurse. She is so highly thought of by all who have had her. She takes such splendid care of me and the baby. Knows just what to do.

The baby's baskets are well equipped. Have two baskets. One a point d'esprit over pink, basket for bed. Everybody admires it so. It has little pale pink silk pillow, pale pink silk quilt tacked with ribbon, two white blankets edged with ribbon, and some extra gray blankets, besides a little mattress and rubber sheet. Then I have another green basket lined with pink and bordered with pink and blue rose cretonne. In this is powder puff, safety pins, vaseline, Mennen's powder, a bottle of Lysol (this is the disinfectant Dr. Woodward ordered), a bottle of boracic powder, a bottle of Ethyl alcohol, Castile soap, a box of absorbent cotton, a bottle of olive oil. Besides these

things I have mal mal towels (like our cheese cloth), also washrags of same, two little embroidered bath towels. I also have a flannel bath apron. This is worn when giving the baby a bath, and he is dried with mal mal towels. The nurse cleans his mouth every morning with a mixture of glycerine and borax, and his eyes are cleaned with boracic in water. She also puts boracic, some cotton and a band over his navel every day, so you see what fine care he is receiving.

Here we are with another new baby right next door. The two babies are only two days apart in age! We will be comparing notes. Strange to say they both look so much alike. Nearly all the new babies born during the last year are girls, so I feel quite proud to have a boy. The Hindustanis all think it wonderful to have a boy. They think we're greatly blessed.

I wish I did not have to stay in bed here so long. I want to get up and take care of the baby myself, but of course I can't do that yet, and would not want to take any risks. I do not know how soon Dr. Woodard will let me up. This week has flown by, and I hope next week will too.

Dr. Woodard is going to write you a nice letter.

The third picture is of this little place—Kennedy Lodge. Little "Jimmy" was born in the back room which you cannot see. Don't you think it a cute little cottage?

James bought me a beautiful pin at Bechtlins as a present to me because I had given him a present of a son! James is as dear as ever. He is so good to me.

Enclosed are some things which may interest you.

Write soon.

Love from,

S—

Kennedy Lodge, Sunday, June 4.

Dear Folks at Home:

It hardly seems possible that the baby is now two weeks old, or will be to-morrow afternoon. He has been progressing finely and is very healthy and happy. I think he is beginning to see things, for this morning his eyes look so big and he has been gazing at everything in the room in the most knowing way. He is good all day and all night. He only cries when hungry, at the regular times by the clock.

Today I am going to church in a "dandy." Dr. Woodard has written you, so she said. It's a fortunate thing for Mrs. Lease and myself that Dr. Woodard was able to be with us—when she was, for now she is sick in bed with mango poisoning. Mangoes are a kind of Indian fruit which do not agree with some people. They cause a breaking out on the face like poison ivy. Dr. Woodard is suffering from this and heart burn, as well as nervously tired out from doing so much doctoring as well as attending the language school. It's a fortunate thing she was well when we needed her.

No packages have come from you yet, but will let you know when any arrive. Things in small packages always reach me. Don't

be afraid of sending things in large envelopes. It's the large boxes and important looking things that get into trouble.

Will not write any more just now. Write soon again.

Lovingly,

My nurse leaves to-morrow morning.

S—

Etah, U. P.

My Dear Miss Taylor:

We have just received a letter from Margie Bangs telling us of the good news of your engagement to Charles. Of course we are much pleased and interested, and so sorry that we did not have the pleasure of meeting you before leaving for India. Possibly we will have the good fortune of seeing you both in India on your honeymoon. The mysterious East is an ideal place during the winter season for newleyweds. Nowhere does the moon shine so brightly and honeymooners need a moon to spark properly, you know.

Mr. Robinson is living in Etah now. He moved here about two weeks ago and will be here in this part of the country for a year at least. We were glad to see Donald some time ago. He spent a few days with us on his way to Mesopotamia.

We have heard no particulars as to when the glad wedding bells will ring and will be anxiously watching every mail. Take the advice of an old married man and don't put the day off too long. I don't know now why I remained single as long as I did.

It seems a happy coincidence that brothers should both choose "belles from New York." I am wondering from what tree Donald will pluck a peach. They say the crop is always good in old New York. Donald is now very near to the supposed location of the Garden of Eden. Who knows but that he might find a dark eyed descendent of Mother Eve sitting lonely in the garden.

We hope that you will write to Shirley and to me, so that we may become better acquainted at least by letter.

From your broher-in-law futura esse,

J. W—

Etah

Dear Mother:

Well I was rejoiced to receive home mail this morning—one from you, one from Margie and one from Aunt Lizzie. I was so glad to hear all about Margie's operation and to know that she will now be well and strong. How strange those "Jackson Bands" must be! I'd never heard of such a thing before. That probably is what has caused all her indigestion, fever sores, etc., and she will now feel like a different person. I can imagine how you felt about the operation. I think the suspense must have been awful when you were waiting to hear. Margie seems to have had a wonderful time at the hospital and quite enjoyed the experience.

Nabi has just bounced in the door after a few days' vacation.

He got another phansaman to take his place, so we haven't minded his being away.

Last night a great event took place, namely the drama the boys have been preparing for some time. It was splendid—quite like an imitation of Grand Opera. About 8 o'clock the audience (a large number of Indians besides the missionaries gathered on McGaw's tennis court.) A small stage was put up in front of a large door of McGaw's bungalow. A curtain (made of our bed room curtains) was hung here and the actors came forth from this door to the little stage. The drama was the offering up of Isaac and Jacob and Esau. Sam Crothers, the house father of the Boarding School, is very clever at training the boys. They sang their parts to the music of an accordion and dholak (Indian drum). But the costumes! That was my part! I used all the brilliant coats and capes I could find and then all my Chinese or Japanese pieces as well as some brilliant cheap stuff from bazaar. With gold tinsel ribbon, etc. The play took place at dark, under a big calcium lamp, which brought out the brilliancy of the costumes wonderfully. Old Abraham wore a long red cloth coat (Mrs. Watt gave it to me), a black satin embroidered in gold head gear, and a long white beard made of brushes bought in bazaar. Old Isaac was in a bright red cape with blue cloth draped tight beneath it for skirt. A white blanket head gear with orange band, and long white beard. I wish you could have seen Esau. Do you remember that blue satin lined evening coat you gave me? Well Esau wore that turned inside out (on the blue side) a cerise satin embroidered belt. And a turban of green and rainbow material. The calcium light made the blue so glossy! Rebecca wore my red chrysanthemum dress (the one you made) with light blue and Persian (you made it) cape over her head! The Angel was also good, in one of my night gowns. Wings made of net (pasteboard edging), white head dress, with gold band. And his face whitewashed! This whitewashing idea was Crothers. He had nearly all the characters painted white. They looked more realistic this way under the calcium light. I believe those Biblical characters were lighter than these people. Mr. McGaw was so delighted with the performance that he wants to take it about to the villages. Before the performance Mrs. McGaw gave a lovely afternoon tea to the missionaries and the Eurasian people of Etah. I don't suppose you can picture what these Eurasians are. To all appearances they are English; very nice looking people and dressed very well—much better clothes than some of us wear sometimes! They are very interesting conversationalists tho their accent is a little different from the English. They are a mixture of English and Indian blood. A large number of them in the country, sort of in a class by themselves. The English snub them and the Indians look upon them as impure. However, they often attain to quite high positions and many of them manage to get into "Society." They are sort of pitiful in a way, because they feel sort of "out of it." ~~Some of them have come from very fine English stock and the Indians look upon them as impure. They are sort of pitiful in a way, because they feel sort of "out of it."~~ Some of them have come from very fine English stock, as the Dukoff-

Camp Life.

We Camped out on winter 20



We had a Eumorian
nurse girl with us in camp.

Reached & met the village
nurses the kids in the
afternoon & found &
the women and &
keep the sick people

as to reach the people in the village at a distance
from Etah - My husband spent his days in the
village teaching and the Indian women used to come to
me from the nearby villages for medicine and help & various
kind.

Gordons in Allahabad. The name itself means that they are descended from the Duke of Gordon, who perhaps married an Indian woman. Then there are others who are descendants of common "Tommy soldiers. No one ever knows what sort of stock they are from. Those who came to tea yesterday were very ladylike and nice. Afterwards James sent them all home in our tonza; and I heard Miss Forman say, "How nice he is to those people! Lovely!" We are thinking of leaving for the Hills to-morrow. A great many people have already gone up, so I'm quite looking forward to going. Dr. and Mrs. Lucas are going to be in the other half of Kennedy Lodge. Then next door in "The Firs" are the Welds (a charming couple from Allahabad), the Hezleps, and Dr. and Mrs. Henry Forman. I am anxious to see their baby. And I'm anxious for those who haven't seen Douglas for a long time to see how "grown up" and cunning he is! Will have that picture taken as soon as possible.

Douglas is very well and more cunning every day.

Am glad you have a good girl, but I don't see why you have to do so much sewing. You'd better say its because you like to do it, for we could always have managed without all the extra things you made. Wish you had Sulaman to help you. Tho he often makes mistakes, he is a help.

Write soon.

Affectionately,

S—

(Our second baby, Donald, was born July 16, 1917, Landour.)

In Camp, eight miles from Etah.

Dear Mother:

We camped out one winter in order to teach the people in the villages at a distance from Etah.

Here we are like gypsies, living in tents. You will probably be very much surprised to hear that we have changed our mode of living, that we have gathered up our household belongings have "hied" us to a place eight miles from Etah, where we have pitched our tents as wanderers o'er the earth. Yes we are district missionaries. Tuesday and Wednesday our ashab (baggage) left ahead of us. The tents went first, and then you should have seen our household belongings moving on a huge "bail" gari (ox gari). The oxen moved slowly; and, tho they started a long time ahead of us, the nurse, the children and I passed them i nour gari on the way. We have three large tents and a tiny tent. One of the large tents is for James and myself. The second one is for the nurse and babies, and the third is the kitchen, where the servants cook and sleep. The tiny tent is for the Sais (coachman) and grass cutter (a man who gets grass for the horses). We are eight miles from our house at Etah, and are a little way in from the Grand Trunk Road (a road—not railroad—which goes from Delhi to Calcutta). We are in a mango grove—that is a grove of mango trees. (Mango is a native fruit). It is indeed a healthy life, and I know we will like it very much. James has been busy visiting villages—the mud

villages round about us—and today he has had a crowd of men here talking to them. He invited 200 people to come, including women, but only a small number of men came. The women seem to be unwilling to come away from their homes. I was going to talk to them, and was sorry they didn't get here. Miss Galbreath and some of the young lady Indian teachers of Miss Forman's school came out on ekkas in hopes of helping us with the meeting.

Douglas and Donald will find this a very healthy life, so much of the time in the open air. I do wish you could see what a sweet little baby Donald is. He is now four months old and as cunning as can be. He looks like a little elf. His face is round, fat and so rosy, such bright red cheeks. His eyes are sort of a brownish blue. He's just like a little kitten, so placid and sweet; never cries, never gives any trouble, never sick. It's a comfort to have such a cosy, plump, cuddling little thing around. Douglas is still as pretty and attractive as ever, but still both extremes—very sweet and playful or screaming! He really has a sunny disposition; but, when he isn't well, he certainly can be spunky and scream. He's been wonderfully well all along, but for the past two weeks or so has been upset with a little diarrhoea and teething. From April to September he cut no teeth, and during that time he was hale and hearty—in fact, until now. And, altho he isn't very sick now, still he isn't quite himself. His gums are swollen and painful and he looks thinner. James is thinking of lancing his gums. We have a book called Moore's Family Medicine (some such title) and this book is written especially for India. It deals with the doctoring and treatment for all kinds of ailments, and is a most helpful book to have. Of course, we have Dr. Woodard to go to for any real illness. Don't get the idea that Douglas is really ill, because he isn't. He's very well, but of course uncomfortable and peevish during the teething process. He is still just as sweet and cunning as ever, and so pretty. He's full of mischief. The other night he saw his baby brother having a bottle in bed, so he proceeded to get up in bed, reached thru the bars of his own bed and tried to take the bottle away from Donald. Sometimes I put Donald in his bed with him, and you ought to see how funny they are. Douglas laughs and then suddenly gives Donald a "crack" over the face or head. No matter how forcibly he does it, Donald never raises a whimper. Of course we teach Douglas not to do it. He plays with Donald's hands very sweetly and laughs at him in an amused way. I am anxious for the time to come when they will be able to play together. Dorothy Slater is just two months younger than Douglas, and they are great friends. Eben Slater, too, is quite companionable, tho of course he's a little too old for Douglas, as he's over three years old. It was strange that Donald should have been born on Dorothy's birthday, July 16.

We have the same crowd of missionaries at Etah: Miss Mary Forman, the two girls, Miss Fish and Miss Gaebreath; the McGaws, the Slaters and ourselves. Miss Owen, the honorary missionary from Morristown, went home to be a nurse, so that some other nurse could go to the Front or with some such motive. Miss Hessel, who was here last year, went home to be married. She and her husband have

been doing home mission work in Canada, but he has one more year in the Seminary, after which they will probably return to India or go to some other mission field. Miss Fish has just returned from Faletzash, where she had an operation for appendicitis. Miss Galbreath seems to have quite recovered from her very bad headaches. We still have the Fawcetts at Etah (the collector and his wife), who are as nice as ever and so sociable to the missionaries—always inviting us to “tea” or dinner.

We are dining on delicious venison out here. James shot a deer which has been our food for several days. We can have this meat whenever he is successful in shooting it.

Lovingly,

S—

Etah

Dear Folks:

Just a few lines to let you know we are all well and busy. Shirley says don't worry, but I know that there is no use in saying that, as Dear Mother Bangs would die if she had nothing to worry about. We hear from Donald occasionally and he seems to be enjoying his work very much, altho he is a long way from the scene of action. He sent the boy back I sent with him—developed fits, I believe. Shirley fears that the baby will catch something from him; but, altho he eats millions of germs every day, he continues to grow fatter and stronger. Strange, isn't it?

The season took a sudden change last week and is very much warmer now. Shirley uses only about five blankets and three night gowns now.

I suggest that you send our most interesting letters to Aunt Emma and she do the same.

Lovingly,

J—

In Camp, near Etah

Dear Mother:

I am wondering how you are. Have only received three postal cards concerning your illness. The first one mentioned your stroke—written a month after it happened. The next two came in the same mail, tho they were written a week or so afterward, and they said you were much improved. I hope you are quite yourself again, but resting a great deal. I wish I knew the particulars of your illness. How did the trouble come on? Let me know about it, or if you have quite recovered, perhaps you'd better not write about it, but forget it.

Since writing you, Donald has been visiting us. We were all going in to Etah last week for a celebration in honour of Commissioner Maloney. The “timasha” (show) was to consist of open air sports, and a tea given by Mrs. Fawcett. When we reached Etah we learned that Donald Watt had arrived. It was quite a surprise to us and also a very nice time for him to arrive, for the week-end at Etah was a

very interesting one. We all went that afternoon to the sports and tea. The sports consisted of rough riding, races, etc. Eleven big, clumsy, brightly adorned elephants ran a race. There was a cunning baby elephant on exhibition. You could hardly call him cute, tho he was brightly painted and adorned with a beautiful cover. Commissioner and Mrs. Maloney (of Agra), Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett, all our missionaries, Bobby, Donald and some Eurasians who live at Etah were there. Tea and delicious cakes were served. The children, the nurse and I had driven eleven miles to Ttah, and the ride had shaken me up so that I was ill, so couldn't enjoy the "eats;" but I recovered perfectly for the next day, which was Sunday; and, strange to relate, this, too, turned out to be rather an unusual day for the missionaries! The Commissioner was to hold a Durbar to get recruits for the war. It was the only day upon which he could have it, so we all decided to go. All the important people of Etah gathered in a big tent. The Commissioner read a paper, and Donald Watt, who had been asked to speak for Mesopotamia, that is: to get recruits for Mesopotamia, made a splendid speech. We were all quite proud of him. He was invited to Fawcetts to dinner, and we went to Miss Formans to dinner. The next day, Monday, we all departed for the jungle to camp out where we now are, a very attractive location on the banks of the Canal. Donald remained with us until day before yesterday, when he departed for Allahabad. From there he will visit cities and places of interest and then return to us for a while. It is so nice to have him here. He's a fine fellow.

There is a big Hindu festival going on at Allahabad. Millions of non-Christians (Hindus) are in Allahabad having come for the purpose of washing away their sins in the sacred Ganges River. It is a most interesting thing to witness, and we shall expect to hear vivid descriptions from Donald. We have never seen it. The missionaries at Allahabad make the most of it by using it as an Evangelistic opportunity. Eighty Christians were preaching here and there to these masses of people. They also sell tracts to them. Miss Fish from our station went, and she evidently expected to have some sort of a good time, visiting friends, because she borrowed my evening coat, the beautiful black and blue silk one you made.

Little Donald Merwin is the prettiest, cunningest little boy! Today he looked too dear. I dressed him up in a little plain stiff white drill dress with a black patent leather belt. He also had on short socks and little white piquet shoes. His face looked like a little round red apple and his gray eyes so merry. He was so playful and cunning all day. He's such a little comfort to have about. He stays any way you put him. You can cuddle him, stand him up, flop him down or do anything you like, but he just laughs and coos and remains good. Douglas, on the other hand, is a regular "touch-me-not." He wriggles and twists and gets excited over the least little thing, but he's a perfect beauty and very cunning. Donald is so sweet when he tries to make up to Douglas. He laughs and talks baby talk to him, but Douglas is very indifferent. Yesterday Douglas looked very sad. He seemed to be thinking that we were giving all our attention to Donald and leaving him out in the cold. He really looked very pitiful, so I took

him off and played with him. We find big, beautiful quills all over the ground near our tent. It is one of Douglas' delights to have us pick up these quills and stick them around the rim of his tope, so that he looks like a wild Indian. We think Donald has the whooping cough, as the poor little thing has been having such paroxysms of coughing for the last few days. He's been coughing up his food and "whooping." I'm giving him a good cough medicine, so I hope it will be lightened, but it will have to run its course. Douglas has a bad cough, too, tho his doesn't sound so much like whooping cough. All the missionary children get the whooping cough sooner or later; so it's a good thing to have them have it now before going up hill, and then they won't be isolated up there.

About the 8th or 9th of February we are all going in to stay at the bungalow for about 10 days while James is out here doing some work, travelling about from place to place. I will be glad to be in for a few days, as I want to put up some curtains in the house so that it will look like itself. It is so bare and stripped looking while we are camping out, and of course Donald W. has seen it looking that way and must have a mistaken idea of it all.

Lovingly,

S—

(N. B. When we sailed for India my mother was well and active. She had a stroke and met with an accident after we'd been in India four years. It was hard to find her so changed when we came home but she greatly anticipated our return and has been much happier since we've been near her.)

(Our third baby, David, was born at Fatehgarh, near the Mission Hospital, February 15, 1919.)

August 15, Etah, U. P.; A. P. Mission.

Dearest Theda:

Your very long lovely letter arrived before I left for the hills, and now I have returned to the plains and realize that it is still unanswered. I was so glad to have you tell me everything as you did. Through what a very sad time you have passed; but I know you have borne it all so bravely and cheerfully, and what a comfort you must be to your mother in her loss. I remember your father so well. I met him one afternoon at your house, and I can understand how hard it must be for both of you to be without his bright and cheery presence. I'm very glad that your mother came through her illness so nicely, and I hope by this time that she is strong again. My mother has had a dreadfully hard time for the past two years. You have probably heard of her stroke and then the bad accident of last winter which have made her such an invalid. The letters now, however, are much more encouraging, and I do hope she'll be able to walk again. Go up to see her. She would love to see you.

We are all well and happy here. Duggie and Downie and little David Stanley are all very cunning and interesting. David Stan-

ley is six months old; Donald, two years, and Douglas, three years. Enclosed are some photos which aren't very clear, but I hope to send some better ones later. Douglas and Donald are a great pair. Both have light hair and brown eyes; but Douglas is the darker of the two. He talks Hindustani very enthusiastically, and Donald tries to copy him. David has commenced to be interested in everything about him, and he laughs as though he enjoyed life very much. I'm sorry I haven't a picture of him. The latest excitement in the family is an Overland car, which we hope will arrive before the end of September, so that we can go to Annual Meeting in it. Annual Meeting is our mission's annual plan-making time as well as a very pleasant social occasion. It is held at Allahabad, 400 or so miles from here. I know we shall find the Overland a great joy for our work as well as for recreation. We are also getting a trailer to "hitch on" for the purpose of carrying the Hindustanis when we want to.

We are still at Etah, and the work continues as you may read for yourself in the "Gleams of Glory," which I'm sending to you. Just at present I'm busy—or expect to be to-morrow—preparing costumes for a Bible play the boys are going to have. It is to be the dramatization of the story of Esther. For this all my old finery goes—old evening coats and capes—and some Chinese and Japanese things we bought on the way, and some materials from the Indian bazaar. The effect is rather brilliant, but I'm afraid would not bear very close inspection. The Hindustanis adore such things.

We are having exceedingly heavy rains during this monsoon, and quite a large lake has been formed across the road. It extends far and wide across the fields, and as we are far away from any real river or lake, the Indians here are thrilled at the sight of this "make-believe" lake.

Write me every bit of news you can scrape up. Your letters always are so interesting because they are so full of detail as well as the big things, and that's what I love way out here in the jungle! We are twenty miles from the railroad and a mile from our nearest missionary friends. Not much like New York, is it? Well, goodbye. Loads of love to you.

As ever affectionately,

S—

The best of remembrances for your dear mother.

Cawnpore, U. P., India.

Dear Theda:

I don't believe I have ever written to thank you for the beautiful little calendar, your own work, which you sent me. Needless to say I was delighted to receive it and think you are so clever to be able to do such wonderful things. How you must be enjoying all of your art work. I should have liked to have seen that fan which was on exhibition.

We have been living in Cawnpore for nearly a year, and find it much more stimulating than Etah was. Cawnpore is an interesting city and quite an industrial centre. We have a nice mission church

here—our church—though of course we have an Indian pastor for it. The idea is to develop the native church as soon as possible. Of course, James oversees and organizes all the work and reaches out to many others whom he is baptizing. At present we are interested in a most forlorn filthy village, where real half naked heathens live. We've been starting a movement among them, and quite a number have become Christians. It means so much to them to be visited and to feel that someone cares for them.

We had quite a wedding Saturday. I discovered that my Ayah (child's nurse) was in love with our sweeper! So I arranged a marriage between them. She was just a jungly widow from the Etah Widows' Home; but we thought it would be fun to make her as "bridy" as possible. So I bought some fine white muslin, of which I made her an ample chaddar (head and body drapery they wear). I bordered it with cheap val lace, and when this was properly draped upon her, I adorned her head with a wreath of white flowers. This, together with a spray on her shoulder, made her look quite like a real bride. The sweeper had a new white long cloth coat with pearl buttons. I escorted the bride up the aisle and gave her away. She smiled happily after the wedding and said that he had admired her wedding attire.

Douglas and Donald are both very well and thoroughly enjoying the freedom of hardly any clothes in this atrocious weather. David has not liked the heat at all and has been having quite an uncomfortable time with teething and a skin eruption, but he seems much better now. I hope he will soon be his pretty happy self again.

We had a delightful time up hill this summer. The young married women and Miss-Sahibs (as the unmarried women are called) had a Reading Club, which met Friday afternoons. We made a study of Tolstoi, Ibsen, Tagore, Maeterlinck and others. For one of the meetings I presented tableaux of "The Blue Bird." Everybody thought the afternoon a success. The most interesting bit of work that I am doing now is working on the Mission Hand Book. A Dr. Bandy and Mr. Robinson and I were put on a committee to write it, and it is interesting work gathering pictures, etc.

We have a nice comfortable bungalow here with considerable green about it, and we are not far from the mall—a wide boulevard where there are very satisfactory shops, as well as churches, banks, parks and bungalows.

We have a lovely collection of missionaries of different denominations in Cawnpore—the Church of England missionaries, the Methodist, the Union Women's Mission and some social workers.

Yes, we have our Overland! It's a beauty! And how we do enjoy it for work and pleasure purposes. It often plays the part of an ambulance in taking sufferers to the hospital.

My mother now lives at 2454 Webb Avenue, "Webb Court." Not far from where we used to live—just opposite Webb Academy, which you may remember was around the corner from our house. She is a helpless cripple, and finds it so hard to sit in a chair and not be able to go about as she used to. I think she may have another oper-

ation which may improve matters. I do hope and pray so. She writes that she feels only prayer can help her. Do please go to see her. She always liked you so much and it would cheer her so to see you.

Write to me again as soon as you receive this. I always do enjoy your letters so much.

Love to your dear mother and yourself.

Very lovingly,

S. W—

How dreadful the high cost of living must be at home! My family have to pay so much for such a small apartment. All come to India, where living is cheap.

American Presbyterian Mission,
Cawnpore, United Provinces, India.

We just want to send you our heartiest greetings—may Christmas mean more to you this year than it ever has before.

We cannot realize that it is nearly time for us to return to America—the time has gone by so busily and happily.

We are very much interested in our work in Cawnpore, where we have been for the last two years. Cawnpore is a big industrial centre, containing a number of large mills and, in many ways, is one of the most “Western” of Indian cities. There are many different kinds and classes of Indians who live and work here. We have quite a large Indian congregation, the members of which live here and there throughout the city. Our Church is a centre for evangelistic and social work, in the interests of these people. Besides our regular Church services, Sunday School and Bible Classes, we have some institutional work for young Indian men who have come to Cawnpore to work in the mills.

This institutional work consists of lectures, reading room, athletic field, tennis, etc., so that they may have a wholesome centre for recreation and become regular Church attendants and thus not fall under bad influences, either during the week or on Sunday.

We have four small boys of our own—Douglas, Donald, David and Gilbert, who thoroughly enjoy their life in India and do not feel that they miss anything by not living in America. We are greatly anticipating taking them home to America.

It will be such a joy to see our relatives and friends in America once more.

Mrs. Watt, Douglas, Donald, David and Gilbert join me in sending you all best wishes.

Very sincerely,

J. W—

November 12th, 1921.

The Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church
In the U. S. A.

LETTER FOR SUPPORTERS OF STATIONS
IN THE NORTH INDIA MISSION
FOURTH QUARTER, 1920.

Mrs. Watt Writes of Encouraging Conditions

"I kept up the Woman's Church Club in Cawnpore until hill time, and hope to start it again. It was a great success; so many women came each time, and brought their children. Sometimes we met on our verandah, and sometimes we all went into the dining room, where I covered over all the windows, and doors, and had Mrs. Wisser show them lantern pictures. She showed them some beautiful pictures of the life of Christ. How they did enjoy those pictures! We always spent part of the time in devotional Bible Study, with singing and prayer. Once we took them all out in the trailer to the Agricultural College Park, where we had a picnic for them. Deborah (a Bible woman) made many calls in order to get them together for the meeting. I've kept up the Society regularly, and, of course, go regularly to the Sunday School class.

"Never Thought They Would See The Real Thing"

for "The congregation, as well as all the association activities, keep up splendidly. Mr. Watt is so interested in his Kori village; 35 or 40 have been baptized. I went out with him one day to the Kori village, and preached to a crowd, who gathered around the 'motor' while he was inside holding a meeting. One evening we took some English people (recent arrivals) out to the village for a baptismal service. They were greatly impressed. They had belonged to a church enthusiastic for missions; but never thought they would have a chance to see the 'real' thing. The personal worker's group still meets *with Mr. Watt* plans and discussion. I went to the Fatehgarh women's Presbyterial meetings; they were splendid. I reported upon our women's work. The boys' hostel is fine. The boys are happy in their mill work, and keep under the influence of the hostel and church."

(Mrs. James) Shirley B. Watt

(Received November 4, 1920.)

Address: American Presbyterian Mission, Cawnpore, U. P., India.

(Our fourth baby, Gilbert, was born in Cawnpore, March 7, 1921.)

Mr. Wall's
Institutional
 Church was about
 37 minutes' walk
 from our bungalow -
 Service was held
 here on Sunday -
 and during the
 week - the
 young men enjoyed
 the tennis court
 & the field -
 reading room etc.
 in connection with
 Church



The Indian women members of Mr. Wall's Institutional Church
 who used to meet with me Friday evenings for Bible lectures,
 tea parties & mission study etc. The children used to play in a
 playground which I had made for them and ~~at~~ my own children
 at the rear of the house.

A FEW OF THE LETTERS WHICH CAME FROM OUR
MOST INTIMATE FRIENDS AFTER MY HUSBAND'S DEATH

54 Concord Avenue,
Cambridge, Massachusetts,
June 18, 1923.

Dear Shirley:

How can I tell you with what sorrow I read your card! I just can't believe it is true that your good and splendid husband is gone. It doesn't seem possible that such a dreadful thing could have happened to one I love. It is just too much for us to understand why these things happen, and why he has to go on before; perhaps some day we will. I just can't get over the shock of it, for you and your James were so devoted, and you have such a fine family of boys; and how hard for them to grow up without their father. I can't tell you how very, very deeply I sympathize with you in all you are going through; words seem so very feeble at a time like this. I know you are being brave; but oh! the heartache inside! I just wish there were some little thing I could do to help. I'd love to so. It seems as if the North India people have had more than their share of hard things to bear recently. Mr. Smith's death and the accident which killed Robert Dudgeon, and now your good husband. He had always been so well and he was so young that I had never the least thought of his going, and it came as a tremendous shock to me. How very much you'll miss him! I know all his friends will miss him so much. I remember so well the good time you and he gave us in Etah Robert's first Christmas, and then the lovely visit in Almora, and the fine walking trip our husbands had together. He was always so hospitable and jolly and such a splendid all around man—one whose memory you can well be very proud of.

Do write me, Shirley; what will your plans be? I'd be so glad to hear from you if you have time to write.

We are all well. James is in Atlanta now; he received his PhD summa cum laude from Iowa. He's coming up here in about a week. We sail August 23rd on the Scythia from Boston to Liverpool. Then we'll catch a boat from Marseilles September 7th. I think we are to have the Edwardses' bungalow.

You have been constantly in my thoughts these last days; I know James joins me in sending deepest sympathy.

Very lovingly,

MARGARET

(From my nearest English neighbor.)

"The Sea Bungalow,"
Victoria Mills, Cawnpore.

My Dear Mrs. Watt:

In the first place I must tell you how sorry I was to hear of your sad bereavement, it came as an awful shock to my husband and me, as we knew Mr. Watt so well. I only wish I could see you to talk to, as I cannot express myself on paper, as I should like to do. I

always seemed to feel better, after having a chat with you; you were always so contented, now you must be just feeling dreadful. How are the four beautiful boys? I often look at my son, and hope he grows like Donald, as he was one of the loveliest boys it's been my lot to meet, and such a loving disposition. I expect baby is getting quite a big boy now, he was fine from birth, I remember. Merwyn often goes across to your old bungalow, as it's a nice place, and has a nice garden, for children. I only wish your darlings were here to play with him, as they were real boys in their play.

Now Mrs. Robinson has been across to see me in reference to your machine, and I thought it would be best to write to you, as you so kindly left it in my charge. It has been a proper friend to me, as I have made all Merwyn's clothes on it, as well as my own, as I cannot afford to have them made for me. I wish you would write and let me know what price you want for it, as I should like to buy it, if it was not too expensive, so if you feel like writing, dear Mrs. Watt, do let me know. I do hope, with all your trouble, your health is good. My husband and I often used to talk about you, and wonder when you were coming back again, but I suppose you won't come now, will you? Mrs. Wild was very sorry to hear of Mr. Watt's death, and sends her sympathy to you, as she was always fond of you, I know. You will be sorry to hear Mr. Ashcroft is dead. He died the 9th of June, through heat stroke.

I must really close with kindest wishes to the boys.

I remain

Your sincere friend,

"CISSIE DAWSON"

P. S. If you have a photo to spare of the boys, I should treasure it more than anything.

(From another of our best friends.)

L. M. S. Almara.

July 2, 1923.

My Dear, Dear Child:

The wire has just come—been on its way since June 1st. Rob sits and stares without saying a word, and we both are wishing we were near enough to do something. What a joy for that blessed man to be at Home with his Lord and his loved ones. What a blessed joy to you and to James' mother that oceans did not divide you all at this time, and O those boys. They will be your comfort and will keep you from going wild with thinking and with loneliness.

You dear girl—life in India was so full and so fast for you, but you met it all so bravely, and you'll meet this great grief in the same way and by the same Great Strength. I marvel the way you and Mr. Watt made friends with the Indian people. You were both true missionaries.

Don't think of him as far away, for he isn't. He's nearer and has power to understand and power to love you more than he ever had. He'll be loving you and the boys and be longing to help you complete

your task, so you can all be together again in the Home where separations can't come.

Dear Mrs. Watt: Just tell us what to do with your books and the case, the electric fan and anything else, and Rob and I will do our best to keep them nice for you, or we will dispose of them.

Here's love and more love and a great longing to see you and to help if we can. Yes, the lovely photo came, and I replied on April 9. Hope you received the fat letter.

Sincerely,

MYRA W. ROBINSON

Cawnpore, U. P.,
July 24, 1923.

Mrs. James Watt,
19 Union Avenue,
Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Dear Mrs. Watt:

We the officers and members of the Cawnpore Presbyterian Sunday School wish to convey to you our sympathy in your deep sorrow. We are grateful for the service that you and Mr. Watt were able to render in our midst. We commend you and the children to the care of the Master whose Kingdom you and Mr. Watt endeavored to advance in India.

We ask your prayers for blessing on our work.

Very sincerely yours,

K. S. HAMILTON, S. S. Supt.

